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Infirst Marriage

3748

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1629

THE MISERIES OF INFORST MARRIAGE.

Playd by his Maiesties Seruants.

Qui alios (seipsum) docet,

By GEORGE WILKINS.

LONDON,
Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for *Richard Thrale*, and are to bee sold at his Shop at *Pauls* gate, next to Cheape-side. 1629.

THE MISERIES OF inforst Marriage.

ACTVS. I.

Enter Sir Francis Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Bart. BVt *Franke, Franke*, now we are come to the house,
What shall we make to be our businesse?

Ilford Tut, let vs be impudent enough, and good enough.

Went. We haue no acquaintance here but yong *Scarborow.*

Ilf. How, no acquaintance? Angels guard me from thy company. I tell thee, *Wentloe*, thou art not worthy to weare guilt Spurres, cleane Linnen, nor good Clothes.

Went. Why, for Gods sake?

Ilf. By this hand, thou art not a man fit to table at an ordinary, keepe Knights company to bawdy houses, nor beggar thy Tailor.

Went. Why then I am free from cheaters, cleare from the pox, and escape curses.

Ilf. Why, dost thou think there is any Christians in the world?

Went. I and Iewes to; Brokers, Puritans, Serieants.

Ilf. Or doest thou meane to beg after Charitie, that goes in a cold sute already, that thou talkest thou hast no acquaintance here. I tell thee, *Wentloe*, thou canst not liue on this side of the world, feed well, drinke Tobacco, and be honoured into the presence, but thou must be acquainted with all sorts of men; I, and so farre in too, till they desire to be more acquainted with thee.

Bart. True, and then you shall be accounted a Gallant of good credite. *Enter Clowne.*

Ilf. But stay, heere is a Scrape-trencher arriued: How now Blew-bottle, are you of the house?

Clow. I haue heard of many Blacke-Iackes Sir; but neuer of a Blew-bottle.

Ilf. Well Sir, are you of the house?

Clow. No Sir, I am twenty yards without, and the house stands without mee.

Bart. Prethee tels, who owes this building?

Clow. Hee that dwels in it, Sir.

Ilf. Who dwels in it then?

Clow. Hee that owes it.

Ilf. What's his name?

Clow. I was none of his Godfather.

Ilf. Does Master *Scarborow* lie heere?

Clow. Ile giue you a Rime for that Sir:

Sicke men may lie, and dead men in their graues;
Few else doe lie abed at noone; but drunkards, punks, & knaues.

Ilf. What am I the better for thy answere?

Clow. What am I the better for thy question?

Ilf. Why nothing.

Clow. Why then of nothing comes nothing.

Enter Scarborow.

Went. Sblood, this is a Philosophicall Foole.

Clow. Then I that am a Foole by Art, am better then you, that are Fooles by Nature. *Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, welcome to Yorkeshire.

Ilf. And well incountred my little villaine of fifteene hundred a yeare. Sfoot, what makest thou heere in this barren soyle of the North, when thy honest friends misse thee at London?

Scar. Faith Gallants, tis the Country where my Father liued, where first I saw the light, and where I am loued.

Ilf. Lou'd, I as Courtiers loue Vsurers; and that is iust as long as they lend them money. Now dare I lay.

Went. None of your Land (good Knight) for that is layde to morgage already.

Ilf. I dare lay with any man that will take me vp.

Went. Who list to haue a lubberly load. *Sings this.*

Ilf. Sirrah Wag, this Rogue was son & heire to *Antony Nowhow*, and blind *Moone*: And hee must needs be a scuruy Musician, that hath two fidlers to his fathers. But tel me in faith, art thou not; nay I know thou art cald downe into the Countrey here, by some hoary Knight or other, who knowing thee a yong Gentleman of

good

good parts, and a great Liuing, hath desired thee to see some pitifull piece of his workmanship, a Daughter I meane; Ist not so?

Scar. About some such preferment I came downe.

Ilf. Preferment? a good word: And when doe you commence into the Cuckolds order, the preferment you speake of? When shall we haue Gloues, when, when?

Scar. Faith Gallants, I haue bin guest here but since last night.

Ilf. Why, and that is time enough to make vp a dozen Marriages, as Marriages are made vp now adayes: For looke you sir; the Father (according to the fashion) being sure you haue a good Liuing, and without encumbrance, comes to you thus: — takes you by the hand thus: — wipes his long Beard thus: — or, turnes vp his Mustacho thus: — Walkes some turne or two thus: — to shew his comely grauity thus: — And hauing washt his foule mouth thus: — at last breaks out thus: ——

Went. O good: let vs heare more of this.

Ilf. Master *Scarborow*, you are a young Gentleman, I knew your Father well; he was my worshipfull good Neighbour, for our Demeanes lay neere together. Then Sir, —you and I must be of more neere acquaintance. —— At which you must make an eruption thus: — O God (sweet Sir.)

Bart. Sfoot, the Knight would haue made an excellent *Zany* in an Italian Comedie.

Ilf. When he goes forward, thus: Sir, my selfe am Lord of some Thousand a yeere, a Widdower, (Master *Scarborow*) I haue a couple of young Gentlewomen to my Daughters: a thousand a yeere wil do well, diuided among them: Ha, wilt not Master *Scarborow*? At which you out of your education must reply thus: —— The Portion will deserue them worthy Husbands: On which tinder hee soone takes fire, and sweares you are the Man his hopes haue shot at, and one of them shall be yours.

Went. If I did not like her, should he sweare himselfe to the Deuill, I would make him forsworne.

Ilf. Then putting you, and the young Pugges into a close roome together.

Went. Sfoot, if hee should lie with her there, is not the father partly the Bawd?

Ilf. Where the yong Puppet, hauing her lesson before from the

old foxe, giues the sonne halfe a dozen warme kisses; which after her fathers oaths, takes such impression in thee, thou straight cal'st By Iesu Mistris, I loue you: — When shee has the wit straight to aske, but Sir, will you marry me? and thou in thy Cock-sparrow humor replyest, I (before God) as I am a Gentleman will I: which the father ouer-hearing, leaps in, takes you at your word, sweares he is glad to see this; nay, he will haue you contracted straight, and for a need makes the Priest of himselfe.

Thus in one houre, from a quiet life,
Th'art sworne in debt, and troubled with a wife.

Bart. But can they loue one another so soone?

Ilf. Oh, it is no matter now adayes for loue; tis well, and they can but make shift to lie together.

Went. But will your father doe this too, if he know the gallant breathes himselfe at some two or three Bawdy houses in a morning?

Ilf. Oh the sooner; for that and the land together the old lad, he will know the better how to deale with his daugher.

The wise and ancient Fathers know this rule,
Should both wed Maids, the Child would be a Foole.

Come Wag, if thou hast gone no further then into the Ordinarie fashion, meet, see, and kisse, giue ouer: Marry not a Wife to haue a hundred plagues for one pleasure: lets to London, there's varietie; and change of Pasture makes fat Calues.

Scar. But change of women, bald Knaues, Sir Knight.

Ilf. Wag, and thou beest a Louer but three dayes, thou wilt be heartlesse, sleepelesse, witlesse, mad, wretched, miserable; & indeed a starke foole: And by that thou hast bin married but three weeks, tho thou shouldst wed a *Cynthia rara auis*, thou wouldst be a man monstrous: A Cuckold, a Cuckold.

Bart. And why is a Cuckold monstrous, Knight?

Ilf. Why, because a man is made a Beast by being married. Take but example thy selfe from the Moone; as soone as she is deliuered of her great belly, doth shee not point at the world with a paire of hornes, as who should say, Married men ye are Cuckolds.

Scar. I conster more diuinely of their sexe.
Being Mayds, me thinkes they are Angels: and being Wiues,
They are Soueraignes, Cordials that preserue our liues.

They

They are like our hands that feed vs, this is cleare:
They renew man, as Spring renewes the yeere.

Ilf. There's nere a wanton wench that heares thee, but thinks thee a coxcombe for saying so; Marry none of them: if thou wilt haue their true Characters, Ile giue it thee. —— Women are the Purgatorie of mens Purses, the Paradice of their bodies, and the Hell of their minds; marry none of them. Women, are in Churches Saints, abroad Angels; but at home, Deuils.
Here are married men enough know this: marry none of them.

Scar. Men that traduce by custome, shew sharpe wit
Onely in speaking ill, and practise it:
Against the best of Creatures, diuine Women,
Who are Gods Agents here, and the heauenly eye,
By which this Orbe hath her maturitie:
Beautie in women, get the World with child;
Without whom, she were barren, faint, and wilde.
These are the Stemmes on which do Angels grow,
From whence Vertue is stild, and Artes doe flow.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop, and his daughter Clare.

Ilf. Let them be what Flowers they will, and they were Roses, I will plucke none of them, for pricking my fingers. But soft, heere comes a Voyder for vs: and I see, doe what I can, as long as the world lastes, there will be Cuckolds in it. Doe you heare Childe, heere's one come to blend you together: hee has brought you a Kneading-tub, if thou dost take her at his hands,
Tho thou hast *Argus* eyes, be sure of this,
Women haue sworne, with more then one to kisse.

Har. Nay, no parting Gentlemen: *Hem.*

Went. 'Sfoot, dus he make Puncks of vs, that he Hems already?

Har. Gallants,
Know old *Iohn Harcop* keepes a Wine-seller,
Has traueld, been at Court, knowne fashions,
And vnto all beares habite like your selues:
The shapes of Gentlemen, and men of sort:
I haue a health to giue them ere they part.

Went. Health Knight, not as Drunkards giue their Healthes, I hope; to goe together by the eares when they haue done?

Har. My Healthes are, Welcome: Welcome Gentlemen.

Ilf. Are

Ilf. Are we welcome (Knight) infaith?
Har. Welcome infaith, Sir.
Ilf. Prethee tell me, hast not been a Whoremaster?
Har. In youth I swild my fill at *Venus* cup,
In stead of full draughts, now I am faine to sup.
Ilf. Why then thou art a man fit for my company:
Doest thou heare he is a good fellow of our stampe?
Make much of his Father. *Exeunt.*

Manet Scarborow and Clare.

Scar. The Father and the Gallants haue left mee heere with a Gentlewoman, and if I know what to say to her, I am a villen, heauen grant her life hath borrowed so much impudence of her sex, but to speak to me first: for by this hand, I haue not so much steele of immodesty in my face, to parle to a Wench without blushing. Ile walke by her, in hope she can open her teeth. — Not a word? — Is it not strange, a man should bee in a womans companie all this while, and not heare her tongue? — Ile goe further. — God of his goodnesse: not a Sillable? I thinke if I should take vp her cloathes too, she would say nothing to me. — With what words tro, does a man begin to wooe? Gentlewoman, pray you what ist a clocke?

Clare. Troth Sir, carrying no watch about me but mine eyes, I answere you: I cannot tell.

Scar. And if you cannot tell (Beautie) I take the addage of my reply: You are naught to keepe sheepe.

Clar. Yet I am big enough to keepe my selfe.

Scar. Prethee tell me, Are you not a Woman?

Clar. I know not that neither, till I am better acquainted with a man.

Scar. And how would you be acquainted with a man?

Clar. To distinguish betweene himselfe and my selfe.

Scar. Why I am a man.

Clar. That's more then I know, Sir.

Scar. To approoue I am no lesse; thus I kisse thee.

Clar. And by that proofe, I am a man too; for I haue kist you.

Scar. Prethee tell mee, can you loue?

Clar. O Lord Sir, three or foure things, I loue my Meate, choise

choise of Suters, Clothes in the fashion: and like a right woman, I loue to haue my will.

Scar. What thinke you of me for a Husband?

Clar. Let me know what you thinke of me for a wife?

Scar. Troth I thinke you are a proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. Doe you but thinke so?

Scar. Nay I see you are a very proper Gentlewoman.

Clar. It is great pitie then, I should be alone without a proper man.

Scar. Your Father sayes, that I shall marry you.

Clar. And I say, God forbid Sir: Alasse I am a great deale too young.

Scar. I loue thee by my troth.

Clar. O pray you doe not so; for then you stray from the steps of Gentilitie: the fashion among them is, to marrie first, and loue after by leasure.

Scar. That I doe loue thee, heere by heauen I sweare,
And call it as a witnesse to this kisse.

Clar. You will not inforce me, I hope Sir?

Scar. Make me this womans Husband; thou art my *Clare:*
Accept my heart, and proue as chaste, as faire.

Clar. O God! you are too hote in your gifts: should I accept them now, wee should haue you pleade *nonage*, some halfe a yeere hence: sue for reuersment, and say, the deed was done vnder age.

Scar. Prethee doe not iest.

Cla. No (God is my record) I speak in earnest, & desire to know
Whether ye meane to marry me yea or no?

Scar. This hand thus takes thee as my louing wife.

Clar. For better, for worse?

Scar. I, till death vs depart, loue.

Clar. Why then I thanke you Sir; and now I am like to haue that I long lookt for, A Husband.
How soone from our owne tongues is the word sed,
Captiues our Mayden-freedome to a Head.

Scar. *Clare*, you are now mine, and I must let you know
What euery wife doth to her husband owe:
To be a wife, is to be Dedicate.
Not to a youthfull course, wilde, and vnsteady;

But to the soule of Vertue, Obedience,
Studying to please, and neuer to offend.
Wiues haue two eyes created, not like Birds,
To roame about at pleasure, but for two Sentinels,
To watch their Husbands safetie as their owne.
Two hands; the one's to feed him, the other her selfe:
Two feet; and one of them is their husbands:
They haue two of euery thing; onely of one,
Their Chastitie, that should be his alone.
Their very thoughts they cannot tearme their owne.
Mayds being once made wiues, can nothing call
Rightly their owne; they are their husbands all.
If such a Wife you can prepare to bee,
Clare, I am yours; and you are fit for me.

Clar. We being thus subdued, pray you know then,
As women owe a duetie, so doe men.
Men must be like the Branch and Barke to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Clothe them in Winter, tender them in age:
Or as Ewes loue vnto their Eanlings liues;
Such should be husbands custome to their wiues.
If it appeare to them they haue strayed amisse,
They onely must rebuke them with a kisse;
Or Clocke them as Hennes Chickens with kind call,
Couer them vnder their wing, and pardon all:
No iarres must make two Beds, no strife diuide them,
Those betwixt whom a faith and troth is giuen;
Death onely parts, since they are knit by Heauen:
If such a Husband you intend to bee,
I am your *Clare*, and you are fit for mee.

Scar. By Heauen.

Cla. Aduise before you sweare, let me remember you,
Men neuer giue their Faith, and promise marriage,
But Heauen records their Oath: if they prooue true,
Heauen smiles for ioy; if not, it weepes for you:
Vnlesse your heart then with your words agree,
Yet let vs part, and let vs both be free.

Scar. If euer man in swearing Loue, swore true,

My words are like to his. Heere comes your father.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop, Wentloe, Bartley, and Butler.

Har. Now master *Scarborow.*

Scar. Prepar'd to aske, how you like that we haue done,
Your Daughter's made my Wife, and I your Sonne.

Har. And both agreed so?

Both. Wee are, Sir.

Har. Then long may you liue together, haue store of Sonnes.

Ilf. Tis no matter who is the Father.

Har. But Sonne, here is a man of yours is come from London.

But. And brought you letters, Sir.

Scar. What newes from London, *Butler?*

But. The old newes, Sir, the Ordinaries are full of Cheaters,
Some Citizens are Bankerouts, and many Gentlemen Beggars.

Scar. *Clare*, heere is an vnwelcome Pursiuant,
My Lord and Guardian writes to me, with speed
I must returne to London.

Har. And you being Ward to him (sonne *Scarborow*)
And know him great, it fits that you obey him.

Scar. It does, it does; for by an ancient Law,
We are borne free Heires, but kept like Slaues in awe.
Who are for London, Gallants?

Ilf. Switch and Spurre, we will beare you company.

Scar. *Clare*, I must leaue thee, with what vnwillingnesse,
Witnesse this dwelling kisse vpon thy lip,
And though I must bee absent from thine eye,
Be sure my heart doth in thy bosome lie.
Three yeeres I am yet a Ward, which time Ile passe,
Making thy faith my constant Looking-glasse,
Till when.

Clar. Till when you please, where ere you liue or die,
Your loue's here worne, your presence in my eye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Faulconbridge, and Sir William Scarborow.

Hunsd. Sir *William*,
How old say you, is your kinsman *Scarborow?*

Willi. Eighteene my Lord, next Pentecost.

Lord. Bethinke you good Sir *William*,
I reckon thereabout my selfe; so by that account,

There's full three Winters yet he must attend,
Vnder our awe, before he sue his Liuerie:
Ist not so?

Willi. Not a day lesse, my Lord.

Lor. Sir *William*, you are his vncle, and I must speake
That am his Guardian: Would I had a sonne
Might merit commendations equall with him.
Ile tell you what he is; he is a youth,
A Noble Branch, increasing blessed fruit,
Where Caterpiller Vice dare not to touch:
He is himselfe with so much grauitie,
Praise cannot praise him with *Hyperbole:*
He is one, whom older looke vpon, as on a booke,
Wherein are printed Noble Sentences
For them to rule their liues by. Indeed he is one
All emulate his vertues, hate him none.

Will. His friends are proud to heare this good of him.

Lord. And yet Sir *William*, being as he is,
Young and vnsetled, tho of vertuous thoughts,
By *Genuine* disposition, yet our eyes
See daily Presidents, hopefull Gentlemen,
Being trusted in the world with their owne will,
Diuert the good is lookt from them, to ill;
Make their old names forgot, or not worth note:
Such company they keepe, such Reuelling
With Pandars, Parasites, prodigies of Knaues,
That they sell all, euen their old fathers graues:
Which to preuent, weele match him to a wife;
Mariage restraines the scope of single life.

Will. My Lord speaks like a father for my kinsman.

Lor. And I haue found him one of Noble parentage,
A neece of mine; nay, I haue broke with her,
Know thus much of her mind, what for my pleasure,
As also for the good appeares in him,
She is pleas'd of all that's hers, to make him King.

Will. Our name is blest in such an honoured marriage.

Enter Doctor Baxter.

Lord. Also I haue appointed Doctor *Baxter*,

Chancellor

Chancellor of Oxford, to attend me heere:
And see, hee is come. Good master Doctor.

Baxt. My honourable Lord.

Willi. I haue possest you with this businesse, master Doctor.

Bax. To see the contract twixt your honoured Neece,
and master *Scarborow*.

Lord. Tis so, and I did looke for him by this.

Bax. I saw him leaue his horse, as I came vp.

Lord. So, so,
Then he will bee heere forthwith: you master *Baxter*,
Goe Vsher hither straight young *Katherine*;
Sir *William* heere, and I, will keepe this roome till you returne.

Scar. My honoured Lord. *Enter Scarborow.*

Lord. Tis well done *Scarborow*.

Scar. Kind Vncle.

Willi. Thankes my good Couz.

Lord. You haue been welcome in your Countrey, Yorkshire.

Scar. The time that I spent there my Lord, was merrie.

Lord. Twas well, twas very well; and in your absence,
Your Vnckle heere, and I, haue been bethinking
What gift betwixt vs wee might bestow on you,
That to your house large dignitie might bring,
With faire increase, as from a Christall spring.

Enter Doctor and Katharine.

Scar. My name is bound to your beneficence,
Your hands haue been to me like Bounties purse,
Neuer shut vp; your selfe my Foster-Nurse:
Nothing can from your honour come, proue me so rude
But Ile accept to shun Ingratitude.

Lor. We accept thy promise, now returne thee this,
A vertuous wife, accept her with a kisse.

Scar. My honourable Lord.

Lor. Feare not to take her man, she will feare neither,
Doe what thou canst, being both abed together.

Scar. O but my Lord.

Lord But me? Dog of wax; come kisse and agree,
Your friends haue thought of it, and it must be.

Scar. I haue no hands to take her to my wife.

Lord. How Sawce-box?

Scar. O pardon me my Lord, the vnripenes of my yeeres,
Too greene for gouernment, is old in feares
To vndertake that charge.

Lord. Sir, sir, I and sir knaue, then here is a mellowed experience knowes how to teach you,

Scar. O God.

Lord: O Iacke,
Haue both our cares, your Vnckle, and my selfe,
Sought, studied, found out, and for your good,
A maide, a Neece of mine, both faire and chast;
And must we stand at your discretion?

Scar. O good my Lord,
Had I two soules, then might I haue two wiues:
Had I two Faithes, then had I one for her:
Hauing of both but one, that one is giuen
To Sir Iohn Harcops daughter.

Lord. Ha, ha, whats that; let me heare that againe?

Scar. To Sir Iohn Harcops *Clare*, I haue made an oath.
Part me in twaine, she hath one halfe of both:
This hand the which I weare, it is halfe hers:
Such power hath Faith and Troth twixt couples young,
Death onely cuts that knot, tide with the tongue.

Lord. And haue you knit that knot, Sir?

Scar. I haue done so much; that if I wed not her,
My Mariage makes me an Adulterer:
In which blacke sheetes I wallow all my life,
My Babes being Bastards, and a Whore my Wife.

Lord. Ha, ist euen so? My Secretarie there, *Enter secretary*
Write me a Letter straight to Sir Iohn Harcop,
Ile see (Sir Iacke) and if that Harcop dare,
Being my Ward, contract you to his Daughter. *Exit secret.*
My Steward too, post you to Yorkeshire, *Enter Steward.*
Where lyes my youngsters Land: and sirrah,
Fell me his Wood, make hauocke, spoile and waste. *Exit steward.*
Sir, you shall know that you are Ward to me,
Ile make you poore enough; then mende your selfe.

Will. O Cozen.

Scar.

Scar. O Vnckle.

Lord. Contract your selfe, and where you list?
Ile make you know me Sir, to be your Guard.

Scar. World, now thou seest what tis to be a ward,

Lord. And where I meant my selfe to haue disburst
Foure thousand pound, vpon this Mariage,
Surrendred vp your Land to your owne vse,
And compast other Portions to your hands,
Sir, Ile now yoke you still.

Scar. A yoke indeed.

Hunf. And spight of they dare contradict my will,
Ile make thee marry to my Chamber-maide. Come couz. *Exit.*

Bax. Faith Sir, it fits you to be more aduis'd.

Scar. Doe not you flatter for preferment, Sir.

Will. O, but good Coze.

Scar. O, but good Vnckle, could I command my Loue,
Or cancell oathes out of heauens brazen booke,
Ingrost by Gods owne finger, then you might speake.
Had men that law to loue, as most haue tongues
To loue a thousand women with; then you might speake.
Were Loue like Dust, lawfull for euery Wind,
To beare from place to place: were Oathes but puffes,
Men might forsweare themselues; but I doe know,
Tho sinne being past with vs, the act's forgot,
The poore Soule grones, and she forgets it not.

Will. Yet heare your owne case?

Scar. O, tis too miserable:
That I (a Gentleman should be thus torne
From mine owne right, and forst to be forsworne,

Will. Yet being as it is, it must be your care,
To salue it with aduice, not with dispaire,
You are his Ward, being so, the Law intends,
He is to haue your duty, and in his rule
Is both your Mariage, and your Heritage:
If you rebell against these Iniunctions,
The penaltie takes hold on you; which for himselfe,
He straight thus prosecutes, he wastes your Land,
Weds you where he thinkes fit: but if your selfe,

Haue

Haue of some violent humour matcht your selfe
Without his knowledge, then hath he power
To merce your Purse, and in a summe so great,
That shall for euer keepe your fortunes weake;
Where otherwise, if you bee rul'd by him,
Your house is raisd by matching to his kinne.

Enter Falconbridge.

Lord. Now death of me, shall I be crost by such a Iack: he wed himselfe, and where he list: Sirrah Malapert, Ile hamper you;
You that will haue your will, come get you in:
Ile make thee shape thy thoughts to marry her,
Or wish thy birth had beene thy murtherer.

Scar. Fate pitie mee, because I am inforst;
For I haue heard, those matches haue cost blood,
Where loue is once begun, and then withstood. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS. II.

Enter Ilford, and a Page with him.

Ilf. Boy, hast thou deliuered my Letter?

Boy. I Sir, I saw him open the lips ont.

Ilf. He had not a new sute on, had hee?

Boy. I am not so well acquainted with his Wardrobe Sir; but I saw a leane fellow, with sunke eyes, and shamble legges, sigh pitifully at his camber doore, and intreat his man to put his Master in minde of him.

Ilf. O, that was his Taylor; I see now he will be blest, he profits by my counsell: he will pay no debts before he be arested, nor then neither, if he can find ere a beast that dare but bee bayle for him; but he will seale i'th afternoone?

Boy. Yes Sir, he will imprint for you as deepe as he can.

Ilf. Good, good; now haue I a Parsons Nose, and smell tythe comming in then. Now let me number how many Rooks I haue halfe vndone already this Tearme by the first Returne: foure by Dice, sixe by being bound with me, and ten by Queanes; of which some be Courtiers, some Country Gentlemen, and some Citizens sonnes. Thou art a good *Franke*, if thou pergest thus, thou art

still

still a Companion for Gallants, mayst keepe a Catamite, take Physicke, at the Spring and the fall.

Enter VVentloe.

Went. Franke, Newes that will make thee fatte, Franke.

Ilf. Prethee rather giue me somewhat will keepe me leane; I haue no minde yet to take Phisicke.

Went. Maister Scarberrow is married, man.

Ilf. Then Heauen grant he may (as few married men doe) make much of his Wife,

Went. Why, wouldst haue him loue her; let her command all, And make her his Master?

Ilf. No no; they that doe so, make not much of their Wiues, But giues them their will, and that's marring of 'em.

Enter Bartly.

Bart. Honest *Francke*, valerous *Francke*, a portion of thy wit, but to helpe vs in this enterprise, and wee may walke London streets, and cry, Pisn at the Sergiants.

Ilf. You may shift out one Tearme, & yet die in the Counter: These are the Scabs now, that hang vpon honest Iob: I am Iob, and these are the scuruy Scabs: But what's this your Pot seethes ouer withall?

Bart. Maister Scarborrow is married,

Went. He has all his Land in his owne hand.

Bart. His brothers and sisters Portions.

Went. Besides foure thousand pound in ready money with his (wife.

Ilf. A good Talent by my faith, it might helpe many Gentlemen to pay their Tailors; and I might be one of them.

VVent. Nay, honest *Franke*, hast thou found a tricke for him? if thou hast not, looke, here's a line to direct thee. First draw him into Bands for Money, then to Dice for it: Then take vp Stuffe at the Mercers, straight to a Puncke with it: then morgage his Land, and be drunke with that: so with them, and the rest, from an ancient Gentleman, make him a yong Begger.

Ilf. What a Rogue is this, to read a Lecture to me, and mine owne Lesson too, which he knowes I haue made perfect to nine hundred fourescore and nineteene: A cheating Rascall, will teach me, I that ha made them that haue worne a spacious Parke, Lodge and all, of their backes this morning, beene faine to

pawne it afore night : and they that ha ſtawked like a huge Elephant, with a Caſtle on their neckes ; and remooued that to their owne ſhoulders in one day, which their Fathers built vp in ſeauen yeere, bin glad by my meanes, in ſo much time as a Child ſuckes, to drinke Bottle-ale, tho a Punke pay fort. And ſhall this Parrat inſtruct me?

VVent. Nay, but *Francke.*

Ilf. A Rogue that hath fed vpon me, and the fruit of my wit, like Pullen from a Pantlers Chippings, and now I haue put him into good clothes, to ſhift two ſutes in a day, that could ſcarce ſhift a patcht ſhirt once in yeere, and ſayes prayers when hee had it : Harke how he prates.

Went. Beſides (Franke) ſince his Marriage, he ſtawkes me like a caſhierd Captaine diſcontent ; in which Melancholy, the leaſt drop of mirth, of which thou haſt an Ocean, will make him, and all his, ours for euer.

Ilf. Sayes mine owne Rogue ſo, giue me thy hand then, weele doot, and there's earneſt. *Strike him,* Sfut you Chittiface, that lookes worſe then a Collier through a woodden window, an Ape afeard of a whip, or a Knaues head ſhooke ſeauen yeeres in the weather vpon London bridge. Doe you Catechize me?

Went. Nay, but valorous *Francke*, he that knowes the ſecrets of all hearts, knowes I did it in kindneſſe.

Ilf. Know your ſeaſons : beſides, I am not of that Species for you to inſtruct. Then know your ſeaſons.

Bart. Sfoot friends, friends, all friends : here comes yong *Scarborrow*, ſhould he know of this, all our diſſeignes were preuented.

Enter Scarborrow.

Ilf. What, Melancholy my young Maiſter, my young married man : God giue your worſhip ioy.

Scar. Ioy, of what Francke?

Ilf. Of thy wealth, for I heare but few that ha ioy of their wiues,

Scar. Who weds as I haue, to enforced ſheets,
His care increaſeth, but his comfort fleets.

Ilf. Thou hauing ſo much wit, what a Deuill meantſt thou to marry?

Scar. O ſpeake not of it ;
Marriage ſounds in my eare like to a Bell,

Not

Not rung for pleasure, but a dolefull knell.

Ilf. A common course, those men that are married in the Morning, to wish themselues buried ere night.

Scar. I cannot loue her.

Ilf. No newes neither, Wiues knowe thats a general fault amongst their Husbands. *Scar.* I will not lie with her.

Ilf. *Cetera volunt*, sheele say still, If you will not, another will.

Scar. Why did she marry me, knowing I did not loue her?

Ilf. As other women doe, either to be maintained by you, or to make you a Cuckold. Now sir, what come you for?

Enter Clowne.

Clow. As men doe in hast, to make an end of their businesse.

Ilf. What's your businesse?

Clow. My businesse is this Sir, this Sir, and this Sir.

Ilf. The meaning of all this Sir.

Clow. By this is as much as to say Sir, my Maister has sent vnto you. By this is as much as to say Sir, my Maister has him humbly commended vnto you; and by this, is as much as to say, my Maister craues your answere. (this Sir.

Ilf. Giue me your Letter: And you shall haue this Sir, this Sir, and

Clow. No Sir. *Ilf.* Why Sir?

Clow. Because as the learned haue very well instructed me, *Qui supra nos, nihil ad nos*; and tho many Gentlemen will haue to doe with other mens businesse; yet from me know, the most part of them prooue Knaues for their labour.

Went. You ha the Knaue yfaith, *Francke*.

Clow. Long may hee liue to enioy it. From Sir *Iohn Harcop* of *Harcop*, in the Countie of *Yorke* Knight, by me his Man, to your selfe my young Maister, by these presents greeting.

Ilf. How camst thou by these good words?

Clow. As you by your good cloathes; tooke them vpon trust, And swore, I would neuer pay for'em.

Scar. Thy Maister, Sir *Iohn Harcop* writes to me,
That I should entertaine thee for my Man.
His wish is acceptable: thou art welcome fellow.
Oh, but thy Maisters Daughter sends an Article,
Which makes me thinke vpon my present sinne;
Heere she remembers me, to keepe in minde

My promis'd Faith to her; which I ha broke:
Heere she remembers me I am a Man,
Blackt ore with Periurie: whose sinfull breast,
Is charectred like those, curst of the blest.

Ilf. How now my young Bully, like a young Wench,
Fourty weekes after the losse of her Maydenhead, crying out.

Scar. Trouble me not,
Giue me Pen, Incke, and Paper, I will write to her.
O! but what shall I write?
Mine owne excuse; why no excuse can serue
For him that sweares, and from his Oth doth swarue?
Or shall I say, my Marriage was inforst?
Twas bad in them, not well in me, to yeeld:
Wretched they two, whose Marriage was compeld:
Ile onely write that which my griefe hath bred;
Forgiue me *Clare*, for I am married:
Tis soone set down, but not so soone forgot, or worne from hence
Deliuer it vnto her; there's for thy paines:
Would I as soone could clense these periurd staines.

Clow. Well, I could alter mine eyes from filthy mud, into faire water: you haue paide for my teares, and mine eyes shall proue banckrouts, & breake out for you; let no man perswade me, I will cry, and euery Towne betwixt Shoreditch-church and Yorke-bridge shall beare me witnesse. *Exit.*

Scar. Gentlemen, Ile take my leaue of you,
She that I am married to, but not my Wife,
Will London leaue, in Yorkeshire lead our life.

Ilf. We must not leaue you so, my young Gallant:
We three are sicke in state, and your wealth must helpe to make vs whole againe: For this saying is as true as old;
Strife nurst twixt Man and Wife, makes such a flaw,
How great so ere's their Wealth, twil haue a thaw.

Enter Sir Ion Harcop with his daughter Clare, and two younger brothers, Thomas, and Iohn Scarborrow.

Har. Brothers to him, ere long shall be my sonne,
By wedding this young Girle: You are welcome both:
Nay kisse her, kisse her; tho she shall be your brothers wife,
To kisse the cheeke is free.

Tho. Kisse, Sfoot what else? thou art a good plumpe Wench,
I like you well, prethee make haste, and bring store of Boyes;
But be sure they haue good faces, that they may call me Vnckle.

Iohn Glad of so faire a Sister, I salute you.

Har. Good, good yfaith, this kissing's good yfaith,
I lou'd to smacke it too when I was young:
But mum; they haue felt thy cheek *Clare*, let them heare thy tong.

Clar. Such welcome as befits my *Scarborowes* brothers,
From mee his troth-plight Wife, be sure to haue:
And though my tongue prooue scant in any part,
The bounds be sure are large, full in my heart.

Tho. Tut, that's not that we doubt on wench: but do you heare Sir *Iohn*, what do ye thinke drew me from London, and the Innes of Court, thus farre into Yorkeshire?

Har. I gesse, to see this Girle shall be your sister.

Tho. Faith and I gesse partly so too; but the maine was, and I will not lie to you, that your comming now in this wise into our kindred, I might be acquainted with you aforehand, that after my Brother had maried your Daughter, I his brother might borrow some money of you.

Har. What? doe you borrow of your kindred Sir?

Tho. Sfut, what else? they hauing interest in my blood, why should not haue interest in their coyne. Besides Sir, I being a younger brother, would be ashamed of my generation, if I would not borrow of any man that would lend, especially of my affinitie, of whom I keepe a Kalender. And looke you Sir, thus I gee ouer them. First ore my Vnckles, often ore mine Aunts, then vp to my Nephewes, straight downe to my Neeces, to this Cosen *Thomas*, and that Cosen *Ieffrey*, causing the courteous claw giuen to none of their elbowes, euen vnto the third and fourth remoue of any that hath interest in our blood: All which doe vpon their summons made by me, duely and faithfully prouide for appearance; and so as they are, I hope we shall be, more indeered, intierly, better, and more feelingly acquainted.

Har. You are a merry Gentleman.

Tho. Tis the hope of money makes me so, and I know none but Fooles vse to be sad with it.

Iob. From Oxford am I drawne, from serious studies,

Expecting that my Brother still had soiourn'd
With you his best of choyce, and this good Knight.

Har. His absence shall not make our hearts lesse merry,
Then if we had his presence. A day ere long
Will bring him backe, when one the other meets,
At noone i'th Church, at night betweene the sheetes.
Weele wash this chat with Wine. Some wine: fill vp,
The sharpner of the wit, is a full cup.
And so to you Sir

Tho. Do, and Ile drinke to my new Sister, but vpon this condition, that shee may haue quiet dayes, little rest anights, ha pleasant afternoones, be pliant to my Brother, and lend mee money whensoere Ile borrow it.

Har. Nay, nay, nay,
Women are weake, and we must beare with them:
Your frolicke Healths, are onely fit for men.

Tho. Well, I am contented; women must to the wall, tho it be to a Feather-bed. Fill vp then.

Enter Clowne singing.

Clow. From London I am come, tho not with Pipe and Drum,
Yet I bring matter in this poore Paper,
Will make my young Mistris, delighting in kisses,
Doe as all Maydens will; hearing of such an ill,
As to haue lost, the thing they wisht most:
A Husband, a Husband, a prettie sweet Husband;
Cry Oh, oh, oh, and alas: and at last, Ho, ho, ho, as I doe.

Clar. Return'd so soone from London? What's the newes?

Clow. O Mistris, if euer you haue seene *Demonice asleare*, look into mine eyes; mine eyes are *Seuerne*, plaine *Seuerne*; the *Thames*, nor the Riuer of *Tweed* are nothing to 'em: nay all the raine that fell at *Noahs* flood, had not the discretion that my eyes haue, that drunke but vp the whole world, and I ha drowned all the way betwixt this and London.

Clar. Thy newes, good *Robin*.

Clow. My newes Mistris? Ile tell you strange newes; the dust vpon London way being so great, that not a Lord, Gentleman, Knight, or Knaue, could trauell, lest his eyes should bee blowne out: At last, they all agreed to hire me to go before them, when I

looking

looking but vpon this Letter, did with this water, this very water, lay the dust, as well as if it had rain'd from the beginning of Aprill, till the last of May.

Clar. A Letter from my *Scarborow?* Giue it thy Mistris.

Clow. But Mistris. *Clar.* Prethee be gon,
I would not haue my Father, nor these Gentlemen,
Be witnesse of the comfort it doth bring.

Clow. Oh but Mistris.

Clar. Prethee be gone with this, and the glad newes:
Leaue me alone. *Exit Clowne.*

Tho. Tis your turne Knight; take your liquor, know I am bountifull, Ile forgiue any man any thing that he owes me, but his drinke, and that Ile be payd for.

Clar. Nay Gentlemen, the honestie of mirth
Consists not in carowsing with excesse;
My Father hath more welcomes then in Wine:
Pray you no more.

Tho. Sayes my Sister so? Ile be ruld by thee then. But doe you heare? In hope hereafter youle lend me some Money, now we are halfe drunke, let's go to dinner. Come Knight. *Exeunt.*

Clar. I am glad you'r gone. *Manet Clara.*
Shall I now open't? no, Ile kisse it first,
Because this outside last did kisse his hand.
Within this fould, (Ile call't a sacred Sheet)
Are writ blacke lines, where our white hearts shall meet:
Before I ope this doore of my delight,
Me thinkes I gesse how kindly he doth write
Of his true-loue to me: as Chucke, Sweet-heart,
I prethee doe not thinke the time too long,
That keepes vs from the sweets of Marriage rites:
And then he sets my name, and kisses it,
Wishing my Lippes his sheet to write vpon:
With like desire, me thinks, as mine owne thoughts,
Aske him now heere for me to looke vpon;
Yet at the last, thinking his loue too slacke,
Ere it ariue at my desired eyes,
Hee hastens vp his message with like speed,
Euen as I breake this ope, wishing to read. Oh, what's heere?

Mine

Mine eyes are not mine owne; sure they are not:
Tho you ha bin my lamps this sixteen yeeres, *Lets fall the let.*
You doe bely my *Scarborow*, reading so:
Forgiue him; hee is married: that were ill:
What lying lights are these? Looke I ha no such letter,
No wedded sillable of the least wrong,
Done to a Troth-plight Virgin like my selfe.
Beshrow you for your blindnes; *Forgiue him, he is maried.*
I know my *Scarborowes* constancie to mee
Is as firme knit, as Faith to Charitie,
That I shall kisse him often, hugge him thus,
Be made a happy, and a fruitfull Mother
Of many prosperous Children, like to him:
And reade I, he was married? Aske forgiuenesse?
What a blind Foole was I? Yet heeres a Letter,
To whom directed too? *To my Beloued Clare.*
Why Law?
Women will reade, and reade not that the saw.
Twas but my feruent loue misled mine eyes,
I'e once againe to the inside. *Forgiue me, I am maried:*
William Scarborow. He sets his name to't too.
O periury! within the hearts of men
Thy feasts are kept, their tongues proclaimeth them.

Enter Thomas Scarborow.

Tho. Sister, Gods precious, the Cloath's laid, the meat cooles,
We all stay, and your Father calls you.

Clar. Kind Sir, excuse me, I pray you a little,
Ile but peruse this Letter, and come straight.

Tho. Pray you make haste, the meat stayes for vs, and our stomack's ready for the meat: for beleeue this,
Drinke makes men hungry, or it makes them lie,
And he that's drunke ore night, i'th morning's drie:
Seene and approoued. *Exit.*

Clar. He was contracted mine, yet he vniust,
Hath married to another: What's my estate then?
A wretched Maid, not fit for any man;
For being vnited his with plighted faiths,
Who euer sues to me, commits a sinne,

Besiegeth

Besiegeth me, and who shall marry me:
Is like my selfe, liues in adultery, (O God)
That such hard fortune should betide my youth.
I am young, faire, rich, honest, vertuous:
Yet for all this, who ere shall marry mee,
I am but his Whore, liue in adultery.
I cannot step into the path of pleasure,
For which I was created, borne vnto:
Let me liue here so honest, rich, or poore,
If I once wed, yet I must liue a Whore.
I must be made a strumpet 'gainst my will,
A name I haue abhord; a shamefull ill:
I haue eschewed, and now cannot withstand it
In my selfe. I am my Fathers onely Child,
In me he hath a hope, though not his name
Can be increast, yet by my issue
His Land shall be possest, his age delighted.
And though that I should vow a single life,
To keepe my soule vnspotted, yet will hee
Inforce mee to a marriage:
So that my griefe doth of that waight consist,
It helpes me not to yeeld, nor to resist.
And was I then created for a whore? A whore,
Bad name, bad act; Bad man, makes me a scorne:
Then liue a Strumpet: Better be vnborne. *Enter Iohn Scar.*

Iohn. Sister, pray you will you come?
Your Father, and the whole meeting stayes for you.

Clar. I come, I come: I pray returne; I come.

Iohn. I must not goe without you.

Clar. Bee you my Vsher, sooth Ile follow you. *Exit.*

He writes heere, *To forgiue him, hee is Married.*
False Gentleman: I doe forgiue thee with my heart;
Yet will I send an answere to thy Letter,
And in so short words, thou shalt weepe to reade them;
And heere's my agent ready: *Forgiue mee, I am dead.*
Tis writ, and I will act it: Bee iudge you Maydes
Haue trusted the false promises of men.
Bee iudge you Wiues, the which haue been inforst

From the white sheets you lou'd, to them yee loath'd,
Whether this *Axiome* may not be assured,
Better one sinne then many be endured.
My Armes imbracings, Kisses, Chastity,
Were his possessions: and whilst I liue,
He doth but steale those pleasures he enioyes,
Is an adulterer in his married armes;
And neuer goes to his defiled Bed,
But God writes Sinne vpon his Teasters head.
Ile be a Wife now, helpe to saue his soule,
Though I haue lost his body, giue a slake
To his iniquities, and with one sinne
Done by this hand, end many done by him.
Farewell the world then, farewell the wedded ioyes,
Till this I haue hop't for, from that Gentleman,
Scarborow, forgiue me: thus thou hast lost thy wife:
Yet record world, though by an act so foule,
A wife thus died to cleanse her Husbands soule.

Enter sir John Harcop.

Har. Gods precious, for his mercie, where's this wench?
Must all my friends and guests attend on you?
Where are you Minion?
Cla. Scarborow, come close mine eyes, for I am dead.
Har. That sad voyce was not hers, I hope:
Who's this, my Daughter?
Clar. Your Daughter,
That begs of you to see her buried:
Prayes *Scarborow* to forgiue her: she is dead. *Dies.*
Har. Patience good teares, & let my words haue way:
Clare, my Daughter: Helpe, my seruants there:
Lift vp thine eyes, and looke vpon thy Father,
They were not borne to loose their light so soone:
I did beget thee for my comfort,
And not to be the authour of my care.
Why speakst thou not? Some helpe, my seruants there:
What hand hath made thee pale? Or if thine owne?
What cause hadst thou, that wert thy Fathers ioy,
The treasure of his age, the cradle of his sleepe,

His all in all? I prethee speake to me:
Thou art not ripe for death, come backe againe;
Clare, my *Clare*, if death must needs haue one,
I am the fittest, prethee let me goe:
Thou dying whilst I liue, I am dead with woe.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborow.

Tho. What meanes this out-cry?

Iohn. O ruthfull spectacle.

Har. Thou wert not wont to be so sullen, Child,
But kind and louing to thy aged Father:
Awake, awake; Ist be thy lasting sleepe,
Would I had not Sense for griefe, nor eyes to weepe.

Ioh. What paper's this? the sad contents doth tell mee,
My brother writ, he hath broke his faith to her,
And she replies; for him, she hath kild her selfe.

Har. Was that the cause, that thou hast soyld thy selfe
With these red spots; these blemishes of beautie?
My child, my child; Wast periurie in him,
Made thee so faire, act in so foule a sinne,
That hee deceiued thee in a Mothers hopes,
Posteritie, the blisse of Marriage?
Thou hast no tongue to answere No, or I,
But in red Letters writes, *For him I aie.*
Curse on his traiterous tongue, his youth, his blood,
His Pleasures, Children, and Possessions;
Bee all his dayes like Winter, comfortlesse:
Restlesse his nights, his wants remorcelesse,
And may his Corps be the Phisicians stage,
Which plaid vpon, stands not to honoured age:
Or with Diseases may he lie and pine,
Till Griefe wax blind his eyes, as it doth mine. *Exit*

Ioh. O good old man, made wretched by this deed,
The more thy age, more to be pitied.

Enter Scarborow, his wife Katherine, Ilford, Wentloe, Bartley, and Butler.

Ilf. What ride by the gate, & not call, that were a shame y faith?

Went. Weele but taste of his Beere, kisse his Daughter, and to Horse againe: Where's the good Knight, heere?

Scar. You bring me to my shame vnwillingly.
Ilf. Shamed, of what? for deceiuing of a Wench? I ha not blusht, that ha don't to a hundred of 'em.
In Womens loue, hee's wise doth follow this,
Loue one so long, till her another kisse.
Where's the good Knight, heere?
Iohn. O Brother, you are come to make your eye
Sad mourner at a fatall Tragedie.
Peruse this Letter first, and then this Corps.
Scar. O wronged *Clare!* Accursed *Scarborow,*
I writ to her, *That I was married:*
Shee writes to me, *Forgiue her, shee is dead.*
Ile balme thy body with my faithfull teares,
And be perpetuall mourner at thy Tombe.
Ile sacrifice this Comet into sighes,
Make a consumption of this pile of man,
And all the benefits my Parents gaue,
Shall turne distempered, to appease the wrath
For this blood shed, and I am guiltie of.
Kat. Deare husband.
Scar. False woman, not my wife, tho maried to me:
Looke what thy friends, and thou art guiltie of,
The murther of a creature, equald Heauen
In her Creation, whose thoughts like fire,
Neuer lookt base, but euer did aspire
To blessed benefits, till you and yours vndid her:
Eye her, view her, tho dead, yet she does looke
Like a fresh Frame, or a new printed Booke
Of the best Paper, neuer lookt into,
But with one sullied finger, which did spot her,
Which was her owne too: but who was cause of it?
Thou, and thy friends; and I will loath thee for't.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop.

Har. They doe belie her, that they doe,
Shee is but straid to some by-Gallery,
And I must ha her againe. *Clare*, where art thou, *Clare?*
Scar. Heere, laid to take her euerlasting sleepe;
Har. A lies that sayes so:

Yet

Yet now I know thee, I doe lie, that say it,
For if she be a Villen like thy selfe,
A periurd Traytor, Recreant, Miscreant,
Dogge: a Dogge, a Dogge, has dont,
Scar. O Sir *Iohn Harcop.*
Har. O sir Iohn Villen, to betroth thy selfe
To this good creature, harmelesse, harmelesse child;
This kernell, hope, and comfort of my House,
Without inforcement, of thine owne accord,
Draw all her soule i'th compasse of an Oath;
Take that Oath from her, make her for none but thee,
And then betray her?
Scar. Shame on them were the cause of it.
Har. But harke what thou hast got by it,
Thy Wife is but a Strumpet, thy Children Bastards,
Thy selfe a murtherer, thy Wife accessarie,
Thy Bed a Stewes, thy House a Brothell.
Scar. O, tis too true.
Har. I, made a wretched Father, childles.
Scar. I, made a married Man, yet wiueles.
Har. Thou the cause of it.
Scar. Thou the cause of it. *To his wife.*
Har. Curse on the day that ere it was begun,
For I an old man am, vndone, vndone. *Exit.*
Scar. For Charitie, haue care vpon that Father,
Lest that his griefe, bring on a more mishap:
This to my Armes, my sorrow shall bequeath,
Tho I haue lost her, to thy Graue Ile bring;
Thou wert my Wife, and Ile thy *Requiem* sing:
Goe you to the Countrey, Ile to London backe,
All ryot now, since that my soule's so blacke. *Exit with Clare.*
Ka. Thus am I left like Sea-tost Marriners.
My fortunes being no more then my distresse,
Vpon what Shore soeuer I am driuen,
Be it good or bad, I must account it Heauen:
Tho married, I am reputed no Wife;
Neglected of my Husband, scornd, despisd:
And tho my loue and true obedience,

Lies prosterate to his becke, his heedles eye,
Receiues my seruices vnworthily.
I know no cause, nor will be cause of none,
But hope for better dayes, when bad are gone.
You are my Guide; Whither must I, *Butler*?

But. Toward *Wakefield*, where my Maisters Lining lies.

Ka. Toward *Wakefield*, where thy Maister, weele attend.
When things are at the worst, tis hope theyle mend.

Enter Thomas, and Iohn Scarborrow.

Tho. How now sister, no further forward on your iourney yet?

Ca. When griefe's before me, who'd goe on to griefe?
Ide rather turne me backe to find some comfort.

Ioh. And that way sorrow's hatefuller then this,
My Brother hauing brought vnto a graue,
That murthered body, whom he cald his Wife,
And spent so many teares vpon her Hearse,
As would haue made a Tyrant to relent:
Then kneeling at her Coffin, thus he vowd,
From thence, he neuer would embrace your Bed.

Tho. The more Foole he.

Ioh. Neuer from hence, acknowledge you his Wife,
Where others striue to enrich their Fathers name,
It should be his onely ayme, to begger ours;
To spend their meanes, should be his onely pride:
Which with a sigh confirmd, hee's rid to *London*,
Vowing example, by his life so foule,
Men nere should ioyne the hands, without the soule.

Ka. All is but griefe, and I am armd for it.

Ioh. Weele bring you on your way, in hope thus strong,
Time may at length make straight, what yet is wrong.

ACTVS. III.

Enter Ilford, Wentloe, Bartley.

Went. Hee's our owne, hee's our owne; Come lets make vse of his wealth, as the Sunne, of Ice: melt it, melt it.

Ilf. But art sure he will hold his meeting? (night.

Went. As sure as I am here now, and was dead drunke last

Ilf.

Ilf. Why then so sure, will I be arrested by a couple of Sergeants, and fall into one of the vnlucky Crankes about Cheapside; called Counters.

Bart. Withall I haue prouided Master *Gripe* the Vsurer, who vpon the instant, will be ready to step in, charge the Sergeants to keepe thee fast; and that now hee will haue his fiue hundred pounds, or thou shalt rot for it.

Went. When it followes, young *Scarborrow* shall be bound for the one: then take vp as much more, we share the one halfe, and helpe him to be drunke with the other.

Enter Scarborrow.

Ilf. Ha, ha, ha.

Bart. Why dost laugh *Francke?*

Ilf. To see, that wee and Vsurers, liue by the fall of young Heires, as Swine by the dropping of Acornes. But hee's come. Where be these Rogues? Shall we haue no tendance heere?

Scar. Good day, Gentlemen.

Ilf. A thousand good dayes, my noble Bully, and as many good fortunes as there were Grashoppers in Egypt, and that's couered ouer with good lucke: but Nounes, Pronounes, and Participles: Where be these Rogues here? What, shal we haue no Wine here?

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, sir.

Ilf. Anon, goodman Rascall, must we stay your leisure? Gee't vs by and by, with a pox to you.

Scar. O doe not hurt the fellow. *Exit Drawer.*

Ilf. Hurt him, hang him, Scrape-trencher, Star-wearer, Wine-spiller, Mettle-clanker, Rogue by generation: Why, dost heare *Will?* If thou dost not vse these Grape-spillers as you doe their Pottle-pots, quoit 'em down the stayres three or foure times at a Supper, theyle grow as sawcy with you as Sergeants, and make Bills more vnconcionable then Taylors. *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Here's the pure and neate Grape, Gent. assure you.

Ilf. Fill vp: what ha you brought here, good-man Rogue?

Draw. The pure element of Claret, sir.

Ilf. Ha you so; and did not I call for Renish you Mungrell? *Throwes the Wine in the Drawers face.*

Scar. Thou needst no Wine, I prethee be more milde.

Ilf.

Ill. Be milde in a Tauerne, tis treason to their red Lettice, enemie to their Signe post, and slaue to Humor:
Prethee, let's be mad. *sings this.*
Then fill our heads with Wine, till euery pate be drunke:
Then pisse 'ithe street, iustle all you meet, and swagger with a Punke;
As thou will doe now and then: I hanke me thy good Master, that brought thee to it.

Wen. Nay, he profits wel, but the worst is, he wil not sweare yet.

Sca. Do not bely me: if there be any good in me, that's the best: Oathes are necessary for nothing; they passe out of a mans mouth, like smoake through a chimney, that files all the way it goes.

VVent. Why then I thinke Tobacco be a kind of swearing, for it furres our Noses pockily.

Sca But come, lets drink our selues into a stomach afore supper.

Ilf. Agreed; and Ile begin with a new Health. Fill vp.

To them that make Land fly,
By Wine, Whores, and a Die:
To them that onely thriues,
By kissing others wiues:
To them that pay for cloathes,
With nothing but with Oathes;
Care not from whom they get,
So they may be in debt:
This health my hearts. drinkes.
But who their Taylors pay,
Borrow, and keepe their day.
Weele hold him like this Glasse,
A braineless empty Asse;
And not a mate for vs.
Drinke round, my hearts.

Went. An excellent Health. *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Master *Ilford*, there's a couple of Strangers beneath, desires to speake with you.

Ilf. What Beards ha they? Gentleman-like Beardes, or Broker-like Beardes?

Draw. I am not so well acquainted with the art of Face-mending, Sir, but they would speake with you.

Ilf. Ile goe downe to 'em.

Draw.

Went. Doe; and weele stay here and drinke Tobacco the while.

Scar. Thus like a Feauer that doth shake a man
From strength to weakenesse, I consume my selfe:
I know this company, their custome vilde,
Hated, abhord of good-men; yet like a Child,
By Reasons rule instructed how to know
Euill from good, I to the worser goe.
Why doe you suffer this, you vpper powers,
That I should surfet in the sinne of taste;
Haue sence to feele my mischiefe, yet make waste
Of heauen and earth?
My selfe will answere, what my selfe doth aske.
Who once doth cherish Sinne, begets his shame;
For Vice being fosterd once, comes impudence,
Which makes men count, Sinne, Custome; not offence:
When all is like me, their reputation blot,
Pursuing euill, while the good's forgot.

Enter Ilford led in by a couple of Sergeants, and Gripe the Usurer.

Serg. Nay, neuer striue, we can hold you.

Ilf. I, me, and the Deuill too, and a fall into your clutches: Let goe your tugging, as I am a Gent. Ile be be your true prisoner.

Went. How now, what's the matter, *Franke?*

Ilf. I am fallen into the hands of Sergeants: I am arrested.

Bart. How, arrested, a Gentleman in our company?

Ilf. Put vp, put vp; for sinnes sake put vp, let's not all suppe in the Counter to night: let me speake with M. *Gripe* the Creditor.

Grip. Well, what say you to me, Sir?

Ilf. You haue arrested me heere, Maister *Gripe.*

Gripe. Not I Sir, the Sergeants haue.

Ilf. But at your sute M. *Gripe*: yet heare me, as I am a Gentleman.

Gripe. I'de rather you could say, as you were an honest man, And then I might beleeue you.

Ilf. Yet heare me.

Grip. Heare me no hearing, I lent you my money for good wil.

Ilf. And I spent it for meere necessitie; I confesse I owe you fiue hundred pound; and I confesse I owe not a penny to any man, but he would be glad to ha't: my Bond you haue already, M. *Gripe*, if you will, now take my word.

Grip. Word me no words: Officers looke to your Prisoner: if you cannot either make me present payment, or put me in securitie, such as I shall like too.

Ilf. Such as you shall like too: what say you to this yong Gentleman, He is the Widgen that we must feed vpon.

Grip. Who young M. *Scarborrow?* he is an honest Gentleman, for ought I know, I nere lost penny by him.

Ilf. I would be ashamed any man should say so by mee, that I haue had dealing withall: But my inforced friends, wilt please you but to retire into some small distance, whilst I discend with a few words to these Gentlemen, and Ile commit my selfe into your mercilesse hands immediatly.

Scar. Well sir, weele waite vpon you.

Ilf. Gentlemen, I am to proffer some conference, and especially to you M. *Scarborrow*; our meeting heere for your mirth, hath prooued to me thus aduerse, that in your companies I am arrested: How ill it will stand with the flourish of your reputations, Where men of rank and note communicate, that I *Francke Ilford*, Gentleman, whose fortunes may transcend, to make ample gratuities future, and heape satisfaction, for any present extention of his friends kindnesse, was inforced from the Miter in Bredstreet, to the Counter i'the Poultry: for my owne part, if you shall thinke it meete: and that it shall accord with the state of Gentry, to submit my selfe, from the Feather-bed in the Maisters side, or the Flock-bed in the Knights ward, to the Straw-bed in the Hole, I shall buckle to my heeles in stead of guilt Spurres, the armour of Patience, and doo't.

Went. Come, come, what a pox need all this; this is *Mellis Flora*, the sweetest of the Hony; he that was not made to fat Cattell, but to feed Gentlemen.

Bart. You weare good cloathes,

Went. Are well descended.

Bart. Keepe the best company.

VVent. Should regard your credite.

Bart. Stand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.

Went. Yee are richly married.

Bart. Loue not your Wife.

VVent. Haue store of Friends.

Bart.

Bart. Who shall be your Heyre?
Went. The sonne of some Slaue.
Bart. Some Groome.
Went. Some Horse-keeper.
Bart. Sand not vpon't, be bound, be bound.
Scar. Well, at your importance, for once Ile stretch my Purse,
Who's borne to sinke, as good this way, as worse.
Wen. Now speakes my Bully, like a Gentleman of worth.
Bart. Of merite.
Went. Fit to be regarded.
Bart. That shall command our Soules.
Went. Our Swords.
Bart. Our selues.
Ilf. To feed vpon you, as *Pharaos* leane Kine did vpon the fat.
Scar. Maister *Gripe*, is my Bond currant for this Gentleman?
Ilf. Good security you Ægyptian Grashopper, good security.
Grip. And for as much more, kind Maister Scarborrow,
Prouided, that men mortall (as we are,) May haue.
Scar. May haue Securitie.
Grip. Your Bond with land conuayd; which may assure me of mine owne againe.
Scar. You shall be satisfied, and Ile become your debter,
For full fiue hundred more then he doth owe you:
This night we suppe here, beare vs company,
And bring your Counsell, Scriuener, and the money with you,
Where I will make as full assurance as in the Law you'd wish.
Grip. I take your word, Sir,
And so discharge you of your Prisoner.
Ilf. Why then lets come and take vp a new roome, the infected hath spit in this.
He that hath store of coyne, wants not a friend,
Thou shalt receiue sweet rogue, and we will spend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow.

Ioh. Brother, you see the extremitie of want,
Inforceth vs to question for our owne;
The rather that we see, not like a Brother,
Our Brother keepes from vs, to spend on other.
Tho. True, he has in his hands our Portions, the Patrimonie

which our father gaue vs: with which he lies fatting himself with Sacke & Suger in the house, and we are faine to walke with leane purses abroad. Credite must be maintained, which will not be without mony; good cloaths must be had, which wil not be without money; company must be kept, which will not be without mony: all which we must haue; and from him we will haue mony.

Ioh. Besides; we haue brought our Sister to this Towne,
That she her selfe hauing her owne from him,
Might bring her selfe in Court to be preferd,
Vnder some Noble personage; or else that he,
Whose friends are great in Court, by his late match,
As he is in nature bound, prouide for her.

Tho. And hee shall doe it brother, tho wee haue waited at his Lodging, longer then a Taylors Bill on a young Knight for an old reckoning, without speaking with him: Here we know he is, and we will call him to parle.

Ioh. Yet let vs, doo't in middle and gentle tearmes;
Faire words perhaps may sooner draw our owne,
Then ruffer courses, by which is mischiefe growne. *Ent. Draw.*

Draw. Anon, anon; looke downe into the Dolphine there.

Tho. Heere comes a Drawer, we will question him.
Doe you heare my friend, is not Maister Scarborrow heere?

Draw. Heere sir, what a iest is that? where should he be else? I would haue you well know, my Maister hopes to ride a cocke-horse by him, before he leaues him.

Ioh. How long hath he continued here since he came hither?

Dra. Faith sir, not so long as *Noahs* flood, yet long enough to haue drowned vp the liuings of three Knights, as Knights goes now adayes, some month or there abouts.

Ioh. Time ill consumed, to ruinate our House:
But what are they that keepe him company?

Dra. *Pitch, pitch*; but I must not say so; yet for your further satisfaction, did you euer see a young Whelpe and Lyon play together.

Ioh. Yes.

Draw. Such is Maister *Scarborrow*, such are his Company.

Within. Oliuer.

Draw. Anon, anon, looke downe to the Pomegranate there,

Tho.

Tho. I prethee say, heere's them would speake with him.
Dra. Ile doe your message: Anon, anon, there. *Exit.*
Joh. This foole speakes wiser then he is aware:
Young heires, left in this towne, where sinne's so ranke,
And Prodigals gape to grow fat by them,
Are like young whelpes throwne in the lyons den,
Who play with them awhile, at length deuoure them

Enter Scarborow.

Scar. Who's there would speake with me?
Ioh. Your Brothers, who are glad to see you well.
Scar. Well.
Ioh. Tis not your ryot, that we heare you vse,
(With such as waste their goods, as Time the world,
In continuall spending, nor that you keepe
The company of a most leprous rout,
Consumes your bodies wealth, infects your name,
With such Plague-sores, that had you reasons eye,
T'would make you sicke, to see you visit them)
Hath drawne vs, but our wants, to craue the due
Our Father gaue, and yet remaines with you.
Tho. Our Birth-right (good brother) this towne craues maintenance, Silke stockings must be had; and we would be loath our heritage should be arraigned at the Vintners Bar, and so condemned to the Vintners Box; though while you did keepe House, we had some Belly-timber at your table, or so; yet we would haue you thinke, we are your Brothers, yet no *Esaus*, to sell our Patrimony for Porridge.
Scar. So, so; what hath your comming else?
Ioh. With vs; our Sister ioynes in our request,
Whom we haue brought along with vs to London,
To haue her Portion, wherewith to prouide
An honord Seruice, or an honest Bride.
Scar. So, then you two my Brothers, and she my Sister, come not, as in dutie you are bound, to an elder brother, out of Yorkeshire to see vs, but like Leaches, to sucke from vs.
Ioh. Wee come compeld by want, to craue our owne.
Scar. Sir, for your owne? then thus bee satisfied,
Both hers and yours were left in trust with mee,

And I will keepe it for you: Must you appoint vs,
Or what we please to like, mixt with reproofe:
You haue been too sawcie both, and you shall know,
Ile curbe you for it: aske why: Ile haue it so.

Iohn. We doe but craue our owne.

Scar. Your owne Sir: what's your owne?

Tho. Our portions giuen vs by our Fathers will.

Iohn Which here you spend.

Tho. Consume.

Iohn. Wayes worse then ill.

Scar. Ha ha, ha.

Enter Ilford.

Ilf. Nay, nay, nay, *Will*; prethee come away, we haue a full gallon of Sacke stayes in the fire for thee, thou must pledge it to the Health of a friend of thine.

Scar. Sirrah, who doest thinke these are, *Franke*?

Ilf. Who, they are Fidlers, I thinke; if they be, I prethee send them into the next roome, and let them scrape there, weele send to them presently.

Scar. They are my Brothers, *Franke*, come out of Yorkshire,
To the Tauerne here, to aske their Portions:
They call my pleasures, Riots; my Company Leproes; and like a Schoole-boy, they would tutor me.

Ilf. O thou shouldst haue done well to haue bound them prentices when they were young, they would haue made a couple of good sawcie Taylors.

Tho. Taylors.

Ilf. I Birdlime, Taylors? Taylors are good men, and in the Terme time they were good clothes. Come, you must learne more maners, as to stand at your brothers back, to shift a trencher neatly, and take a cup of Sacke, and a Capons leg contentedly.

Tho. You are a slaue, that feeds vpon my brother like a flie,
Poysoning where thou dost sucke.

Scar. You lie.

Iohn. O, (to my griefe I speake it) you shall find,
There's no more difference in a Tauerne-haunter,
Then is betweene a Spittle, and a Beggar.

Tho. Thou work'st on him like Tempests on Ship.

Ioh. And

Ioh. And he, the worthy Trafficke that doth sinke.
Tho. Thou mak'st his name more loathsome then a graue.
Ioh. Liust like a Dog, by vomit.
Tho. Die a slaue.

Heere they drawe, Wentloe and Bartley come in, and the two Vintners Boyes with Clubbes: all set vpon the two Brothers; Butler Scarborowes man comes in, stands by, sees them fight, takes part with neither.

But. Doe, fight: I loue you all well, because you were my olde Masters sons; but Ile neither part you, nor be partaker with you. I come to bring my Master newes, he hath two sonnes borne at a birth in Yorkshire, and I find him together by the eares with his Brothers in a Tauerne in London. Brother and Brother at ods, tis naught: sure, it was not thus in the dayes of Charity. What's this world like to? Faith iust like an In-keepers chamber-pot, receiues all waters, good & bad; it had need of much scowring. My olde Master kept a good House, and twenty or thirty tall Sword and Buckler men about him: and yfaith his Sonne differs not much, he will haue mettle too; tho he haue no store of Cutlers blades, he will haue plenty of Vintners pots. His Father kept a good house for honest men his Tenants, that brought him in part: and his Sonne keepes a badde House with Knaues, that helpe to consume all. Tis but the change of time: why should any man repine at it? Crekets, good louing and luckie wormes were wont to feed, sing, and reioyce in the Fathers Chimney: and now, carrion Crowes build in the Sonnes Kitchin: I could bee sorry for it; but I am too old to weepe. Well then, I will goe tell him newes of his off-spring. *Exit.*

Enter the two brothers, Tho. & Ioh. Scarborow hurt, & their sister.

Sist. Alas good Brothers, how came this mischance?
Tho. Our portions, our brother hath giuen vs our portions, Sister, hath hee not?
Sist. He would not be so monstrous, I am sure.
Ioh. Excuse him not, hee's more degenerate,
Then greedy Vipers that deuoure their Mother,
They eate on her but to preserue themselues;
And hee consumes himselfe, and beggers vs.
A Tauerne is his Inne, where amongst slaues,

Hee

He killes his substance, making Pots the graues
To bury that which our fore-fathers gaue.
I askt him for our portions, told him that you
Were brought to London, and we were in want,
Humbly we crau'd our owne; when his reply
Was, Hee knew none we had, beg, starue, or die.

Sist. Alas, what course is left for vs to liue by then?

Tho. In troth sister, we two to beg in the fields,
And you, to betake your selfe to the old trade,
Filling of small Cannes in the Suburbes.

Sist. Shall I be left then like a common road,
That euery Beast that can but pay his tole,
May trauell ouer, and like to Cammomile,
Flourish the beter being trodden on.

Enter Butler, bleeding.

But. Well, I will not curse him: he feeds now vpon Sacke and Anchoues with a pox to him; but if he be not faine before he dies to eat acornes, let me liue with nothing but pollerd, & my mouth be made a Cucking-stoole for euery Scold to set her tayle on.

Tho. How now *Butler*, what's the meaning of this?

But. Your brother meanes to lame as many as he can, that when he is a beggar himselfe, he may liue with them in the hospital. His wife sent me out of Yorkshire, to tell him that God had blest him with two Sonnes: he bids a plague of them, a vengeance of her; crosses me ore the pate, and sends mee to the Surgeons to seeke salue: I lookt at least he should haue giuen me a brace of Angels for my paines.

Tho. Thou hast not lost all thy longing, I am sure he hath giuen thee a crackt Crowne.

But. A plague on his fingers, I cannot tell, he is your brother, and my Master, I would be loath to prophesie of him; but whosoeuer doth curse his children being infants, ban his wife lying in child-bed, and beats his man brings him newes of it, they may be borne rich, but they shall liue slaues, be Knaues, and die beggars.

Sist. Did he doe so?

But. Gesse you, hee bid a plague of them, a vengeance on her, and sent mee to the Surgeons.

Sist. Why then I see there is no hope of him:

Some Husbands are respectlesse of their wiues,
During the time that they are issuelesse,
But none with Infants blest can nourish hate,
But loue the Mother for the Childrens sake.

Ioh. But hee that is giuen ouer vnto sinne,
Leprosed therewith without, and so within:
O *Butler*, we were issue to one Father.

But. And hee was an honest Gentleman.

Ioh. Whose hopes were better then the Sun he left,
Should set so soone, vnto his Houses shame:
He liues in Tauernes, spending of his wealth,
And heere his Brothers and distressed Sister,
Not hauing any meanes to helpe vs with.

Tho. Not a Scots Baubee (by this hand) to blesse vs with.

Ioh. And not content to ryot out his owne,
But he detaines our portions; suffers vs
In this strange ayre, open to euery wracke,
Whilst hee in ryot swimmes, to bee in lacke.

But. The more's the pitie.

Sist. I know not what in course to take me to,
Honestly I faine would liue: What shall I doe?

But. Sooth Ile tell you: your brother hath hurt vs,
We three will hurt you, and then goe all to a Spittle together.

Sist. Iest not at her, whose burden is too grieuous;
But rather lend a meanes how to relieue vs.

But. Well, I doe pitie you, and the rather, because you say, you would faine liue honest, and want meanes for it: for I can tell you, tis as strange here, to see a Mayd faire, poore, and honest, as to see a Collier with a cleane face: Maydes heere, doe liue (especially without maintenance)

Like Mice going to a Trap,
They nibble long, at last they get a clap.

Your father was my good Benefactor, and gaue me a house whilst I liue, to put my head in: I would bee loath then to see his onely daughter, for want of meanes, turne punck; I haue a drift to keepe you honest, (haue you a care to keepe your selues so) yet you shall not know of it, for womens tongues are like siues, they will hold nothing, they haue power to vent. You two will further me?

Iohn. In any thing, good honest *Butler.*

Tho. If t bee to take a purse, Ile be one.

But. Perhaps thou speakest righter then thou art aware of: well, as chance is, I haue receiued my wages: there is fourty shillings for you, Ile set you in a lodging; and till you heare from vs, let that prouide for you: weele first to the Surgeons,
To keepe you honest, and to keepe you braue;
For once an honest man will turne a Knaue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scarborow hauing a Boy carrying a Torch with him, Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley.

Scar. Boy, beare the Torch faire: Now I am armd to fight with a Windmill, and to take the wall of an Emperour: Much drinke, no money: a heauy head, and a light paire of heeles.

Went. O stand man.

Scar. I were an excellent creature to make a Punke of; I should downe with the least touch of a Knaues finger: thou hast made a good night of this; What hast wonne, *Franke?*

Ilf. A matter of nothing, some hundred pounds.

Scar. This is the Hell of all gamesters; I thinke when they are at play, the board eats vp all the money: for if there be fiue hundred pound lost, there's neuer but a hundred pound won. Boy, take the wall of any man: and yet by light, such deeds of darkenesse may not bee. *Put out the Torch.*

Went. What doest meane by that, *Will?*

Sca. To saue charge, & to walke like a fury, with a firebrand in my hand: euery one goes by the light, & weele go by the smoke.

Enter Lord Faulkonbridge.

Scar. Boy, keepe the wall: I will not budge for any man, by these Thumbes; and the paring of the Nayles shall sticke in thy teeth, not for a world.

Lord. Who's this, young *Scarborow?*

Scar. The man that the Mare rid on.

Lord. Is this the reuerence that you owe to mee?

Scar. You should haue brought mee vp better then.

Lord. That vice should thus transforme Man to a Beast.

Scar. Goe to, your name's Lord; Ile talke with you when you'r out of debt, and haue better cloathes.

Lord. I pitie thee, euen with my very soule.

Scar.

Scar. Pitie in thy throat, I can drinke Muscadine and Egges, and mulde Sacke: doe you heare, you put a piece of turnd Stuffe vpon mee: but I will.

Lord. What will you doe, Sir?

Scar. Pisse in thy way, and that's no slander.

Lord. Your sober blood will teach you otherwise.

Enter sir William Scarborow.

S. *Will.* My honour'd Lord, you'r happily well met.

Lord. Ill met, to see your Nephew in this case;
More like a brute Beast, then a Gentleman.

S. *Will.* Fie Nephew, shame you not, thus to transforme your selfe?

Scar. Can your Nose smell a Torch?

Ilf. Be not so wild, it is thine Vnckle *Scarborow.*

Scar. Why, then tis the more likely tis my Fathers brother.

S. *Will.* Shame to our Name, to make thy selfe a beast;
Thy body worthy borne, and thy youths breast
Tild in due time, for better discipline.

Lord. Thy selfe new married to a Noble house,
Rich in possessions, and posteritie;
Which should call home thy vnstayd affections.

S. *Will.* Where thou mak'st hauocke.

Lord. Ryot, spoyle, and waste.

S. *Will.* Of what thy Father left.

Lord. And liuest disgrast.

Sca. Ile send you shorter to heauen, then you came to the earth: Doe you Catechize? doe you Catechise?

Hee drawes, and strikes at them.

Ilf. Hold, hold; doe you draw vpon your Vnckle?

Scar. Pox of that Lord:
Weele meet at Miter; where weele sup downe sorrow,
We are drunke to night, and so weele be to morrow. *Exeunt*

Lord. Why now I see, what I heard of, I beleeu'd not:
Your Kinsman liues.

Sir *Will.* Like to a Swine.

Lord. A perfect *Epythite*, hee feeds on draffe,
And wallowes in the myre, to make men laugh:
I pitie him.

Sir *Will.* No pitie's fit for him.

Lord. Yet weele aduise him.

S.*Will.* He is my Kinsman.

Lord. Being in the pit where many doe fall in,
We will both comfort him, and counsell him. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS. IIII.

A noise within crying, Follow, follow, follow: then enter Butler, Tho. and Ioh. Scarborow, with mony bags.

Tho. What shall we doe now, *Butler?*

But. A man had better line a good handsome paire of gallows before his time, then bee borne to doe these sucklings good, their mothers milke's not wrung out of their Nose yet; they know no more how to behaue themselues in this honest and needful calling of Purse-taking, then I doe to peece stockings.

Within. This way, this way, this way.

Both. Sfoot, what shall we doe now?

But. See, if they doe not quake like a trembling Aspe-leafe, and looke more miserable, then one of the wicked Elders pictur'd in the painted cloth; should they but come to'th credit to be arraignd for their valor before a worshipful Bench, their very looks would hang 'em, and they were indighted but for stealing of Egges.

Within. Follow, follow, this way follow.

Tho. Butler.

Ioh. Honest *Butler.*

But. Squat, heart squat, creepe me into these Bushes,
And lie me as close to the ground, as you would doe to a wench.

Tho. How good *Butler*, shew vs how?

But. By the Moone, Patroness of all Purse-takers, who would be troubled with such changelings; squat, heart squat.

Tho. Thus, *Butler.*

But. I so suckling, so, stirre not now; if the peering Rogues chance to goe ouer you, yet stirre not: younger Brothers call you 'em, and haue no more forecast, I am ashamed of you: these are such whose fathers had need leaue them money, euen to make them ready withall; for by these hilts, they haue not wit to button their sleeues without teaching: close, squat, close. Now if the lot of hanging doe fall to my share, so; then the Fathers old man drops

for

For his yong Maisters. If it chance it chances;and when it chances,Heauen and the Sheriffe send me a good Rope;I would not go vp the Lather twise for any thing:in the meane time,preuentions, honest preuentions doe well, off with my skinne ; so, you on the ground,and I to this Tree to escape the Gallowes.

Within. Follow,follow,follow.

But. Doe;follow;if I doe not deceiue you,Ile bid a pox of this wit,and hang with a good grace.

Enter Sir Iohn Harcop with two or three others with him.

Har. Vp to this Wood they tooke ; search neare my friends,I am this morne robd of three hundred pound,

But. I am sorry there was not foure to ha made euen money ; Now by the Diuels hornes,tis sir *Iohn Harcop.*

Har. Leaue not a Bush vnbeat,nor Tree vnsearcht ;
As sure as I was robd,the Theeues went this way.

But. There's no body (I perceiue) but may lie at some time, For one of them climbd this wayes.

1. Stand,I heare a voyce; and here's an Owle in an Iuy bush.

But. You lie, tis an old Seruingman in a Nut-tree.

2. Sirrah ; sir,what make you in that Tree?

But. Gathering of Nuts,that such fooles as you are,may cracke the shels, and I eate the kernels.

Har. What Fellow's that?

But. Sir *Iohn Harcop*,my noble Knight,I am glad of your good health,you beare your age faire, you keepe a good house,I ha fed at your boord,and bin drunke in your Buttery.

Har. But sirrah, sirrah ; What made you in that Tree?
My Man and I, at foot of yonder Hill,
Were by three Knaues robd of three hundred pound.

But. A shrewd losse berlady sir ; but your good Worship may now see the fruit of being miserable : You will ride but with one man to saue horse-meat and mans meat at your Inne at night, and lose three hundred pound in a morning.

Har. Sirrah, I say I ha lost three hundred pound.

But. And I say sir,I wish all miserable Knights might be serued so : For had you kept halfe a dozen tall fellowes,as a man of your coat should do, they would haue helpt now to keepe your money.

Har. But tell me sir, Why lurkt you in that Tree?

But. Mary, I will tell you sir? Comming to the top of the hill Where you (Right worshipful) were robd at the bottome, & seeing some a scuffling together, my minde straight gaue me, there were Knaues abroad: Now sir, I knowing my selfe to bee old, tough, and vnwieldy, not being able to doe as I would; as much as to say, Rescue you (Right shorshipfull) I, like an honest man, one of the Kings liege people, and a good subiect,

Seru. But a sayes well, sir.

But. Got me vp to the top of that Tree: the Tree (if it could speake) would beare me witnesse, that there I might see which way the Knaues tooke, then to tell you of it, and you, Right worshipfully to send Hue to cry after'em.

Har. Was it so?

But. Nay, twas so, sir.

Har. Why, then I tell thee, they tooke into this Wood.

But. And I tell thee (setting thy Worships Knighthood aside) he lyes in his throate that sayes so. Had not one of them a white Frocke? Did they not bind your Worships Knighthood by the thumbes, then fagoted you and the foole your man, backe to

Man. He sayes true. (backe?

But. Why then so truly, came they not into this Wood, but tooke ouer the Lawnes, and left *Winno* steeple on the left hand.

Har, It may be so: by this they are out of reach;
Well, farewell it.

But. Ride with more men good Knight.

Har. It shall teach me wit. *Exit Harcop With Followers.*

But. So, If this be not plaid a weapon beyond a Schollers Prize, let me be hist at. Now to the next. Come out you Hedghogs.

Tho. O *Butler*, thou deserust to be chronicled for this.

But. Doe not belie me, If I had my right, I deserue to be hanged fort. But come, downe with your dust, our mornings purchase.

Tho. Heere tis, thou hast plaide well, Thou deseruest two shares in it.

But. Three hundred pound; A pretty breakefast: Many a man workes hard all his dayes, and neuer sees halfe the money. But come, though it be badly got, it shall be better bestowed. But do ye heare gallants, I ha not taught you this trade to get your liuings by:

by: Vse it not, for if you doe, though I scapt by the Nut tree, be sure youle speed by the Rope: But for your paines at this time there's a hundred pounds for you; how you shall bestow it, Ile, giue you instructions. But doe you heare, Looke you goe not to your Gilles, your Punkes, and your Cock-tricks with it: If I heare you doe, as I am an honest Theefe, tho I helpt you now out of the Bryers, Ile be a meanes yet, to helpe you to the Gallows. How the rest shall bee employed, I haue determined, and by the way Ile make you acquainted with it.

To steale is bad, but taken where is store,
The fault's the lesse, being don, to helpe the poore. *Exeunt.*

Enter, Wentloe, Bartley: and Ilford, with a Letter in his hand.

Ilf. Sure I ha sed my prayers, & liu'd vertuously alate, that this good fortune's befalne me. Looke Gallants; I am sent for to come downe to my Fathers buriall.

Went. But dust meane to goe?

Ilf. Troth no, Ile goe downe to take possession of his land, let the Countrey bury him and they will: Ile stay here a while, to saue charge at his Funerall.

But. And how dost feele thy selfe *Franke*, now thy father is dead?

Ilf. As I did before with my hands; how should I feele my selfe elfe? But Ile tell you newes, Gallants.

Went. What's that? Dost meane now to serue God?

Ilf. Faith partly, for I intend shortly to goe to Church, And from thence, doe faithfull seruice to one Woman.

Enter Butler.

But. Good, I ha met my flesh-hookes together.

Bart. What, dost meane to be married?

Ilf. I Mungrell, married.

But. Thats a baite for me.

Ilf. I will now be honestly married.

Went. Its impossible, for thou hast bin a Whore-maister this seauen yeere.

Ilf. Tis no matter, I will now marry, and to some honest Woman too, and so from hence, her Vertues shall be a countenance to my Vices.

But.

Bart. What shall she be, prethee?

Ilf. No Lady, no widdow, nor no waighting Gentlewoman: for vnder protection, Ladies may lard their Husbands heads, Widdowes will Woodcocks make, and Chamber-maides of Seruing-men learne that, theyle nere forsake,

Went. Who wilt thou wed then, prethee?

Ilf. To any Maide, so she be faire: to any Maide, so she be rich: to any Maide, so she be young: and to any Maide,

Bart. So she be honest.

Ilf. Faith, tis no great matter for her honesty; for in these dayes, that's a Dowrie out of request.

But. From these Crabbes will I gather sweetnesse: wherein Ile imitate the Bee, that suckes her Hony; not from the sweetest Flowers, but Timb, the bittrest: So these, hauing bin the meanes to begger my Maister, shall be the helpes to relieue his Brothers and Sister.

Ilf. To whom shall I now be a suter?

But. Faire fall ye Gallants.

Ilf. Nay, and she be faire, she shall fall sure enough. *Butler*, how ist, good *Butler?*

But. Will you be made Gallants?

Went. I, but not willingly Cuckolds, tho we are now talking about Wiues.

But. Let your Wiues agree of that after, will you first be richly married?

All. How *Butler?* richly married?

But. Rich in Beauty, rich in Purse, rich in Vertue, rich in all things. But *Mum*, Ile say nothing, I know of two or three rich Heyres. But *Cargo*, my Fiddlesticke cannot play without Rozen:

Went. Butler. (Aduant.

Ilf. Dost not know me *Butler?*

But. For Kex, dried Kex, that in Summer ha bin so liberall to fodder other mens Cattell, and scarce haue enough to keepe your owne in Winter. Mine are precious Cabinets, and must haue precious Iewels put into them, and I know you to be Merchants of Stockfish, dry meate, and not men for my market: Then vanish.

Ill. Come, yee old mad-cap you, what need all this? Cannot a man ha bin a little Whore-maister in his youth, but you must vpbraide

vpbraide him with it, and tell him of his defects, which when he is married, his wife shall finde in him? Why, my Fathers dead man now, who by his death hath left me the better part of a thousand a yeere.

But. Tut, she of *Lancashire* has fifteene hundred.

Ilf. Let me haue her then, good *Butler.*

But. And then she the bright beauty of *Leyfterfhire*, has a thousand; nay thirteene hundred a yeere, at least.

Ilf. Or, let me haue her, honest *Butler.*

But. Besides, she the most delicate, sweete countenanst, blacke-browd Gentlewoman in Northamptonshire, in substance equals the best of 'em.

Ilf. Let me haue her else.

Bart. Or I.

Went. Or I, good *Butler.*

But. You were best play the parts of right Fooles, and most desperate whore-masters, and go together by the eares for them, ere yee see them. But they are the most rare featurd, well faced, excellent spoke, rare qualited, vertuous, and worthy to be admired Gentlewomen.

All. And rich, *Butler?*

But. (I that must bee one tho they want all the rest) And rich Galants, as are from the vtmost parts of *Asia*, to these present confines of *Europe.*

All. And wilt thou helpe vs to them, *Butler?*

But. Faith, tis to be doubted; for precious Pearles will hardly be bought without precious stones, & I thinke there's scarce one indifferent one to be found, betwixt you three: yet since there is some hope ye may proue honest, as by the death of your Fathers you are proued rich, walke seuerally; for I knowing you all three to be couetous Tug-muttons, will not trust you with the sight of each others beautie, but will seuerally talke with you: and since you haue deigned in this needfull portion of wed locke, to be rulde by me, *Butler* will most bountifully prouide wiues for you generally.

All. Why that's honestly said.

But. Why so; and now first to you, sir Knight.

Ilf. Godamercy.

But. You see this couple of abhominable Woodcocks here.

Ilf. A pox on them, absolute Coxcomes.

Bu. You heard me tell them, I had intelligence to giue of three Gentlewomen.

Ilf. True.

But. Now indeed sir, I ha but the performance of one.

Ilf. Good.

But. And her I doe intend for you, onely for you.

Ilf. Honest Butler.

But. Now sir, she being but lately come to this Towne, and so neerely watcht by the iealous eyes of her friends, she being a rich heyre, lest shee should be stolne away by some dissolute Prodigal, or desperate estated Spend-thrift, as you ha bin, sir.

Ilf. O, but that's past, Butler.

But. True, I know't, and intend now but to make vse of them, flatter with them with hopefull promises, and make them needfull instruments.

Ilf. To helpe me to the Wench?

But. You ha hit it, which thus must be effected; first by keeping close your purpose.

Ilf. Good.

But. Also concealing from them, the lodging, beautie & riches of your new, but admirable Mistris.

Ilf. Excellent.

But. Of which your following happines, if they should know, either in enuy of your good, or hope of their owne aduancement, they'd make our labours known to the Gentlewomans Vnckles, and so our benefite be frustrate.

Ilf. Admirable, Butler.

But. Which done, all's but this, being as you shall be brought into her company; and by my praysing your Vertues, you get possession of her loue, one morning step to the Tower; or to make all sure, hire some stipendary Priest for Money; for Money in these dayes, what will not be done? And what will not a man doe for a rich wife? and with him, make no more adoe, but marry her in her Lodging; and being married, lie with her, and spare not.

Ilf. Doe they not see vs, doe they not see vs? Let me kisse thee, let me kisse thee Butler: let but this be done, and all the benefit, requitall,

quitall, and happinesse I can promise thee for't, shall be this, Ile be thy rich Maister, and thou shalt carry my Purse.

But. Enough: meete mee at her lodging some halfe an houre hence? Harke, she lies.

Ilf. I ha't.

But. Fayle not.

Ilf. Will I liue?

But. I will but shift off these two Rhinoceros.

Ilf. Wigens, Wingens, a couple of Guls.

But. With some discourse of hope to wiue them too, and be with you straight.

Ilf. Blest day: my loue shall be thy cushion, honest Butler. *Ex.*

But. So; now to my tother Gallants.

Went. O Butler, we ha bin in passion at thy tediousnesse.

But. Why looke you? I had all this talke for your good.

Bart. Hadst?

But. For, you know the Knight is but a scuruy-proud, prating Prodigall, licentious, vnnecessary.

Went. An Asse, an Asse, an Asse.

But. Now you heard mee tell him, I had three wenches in store.

Bart. And he would ha had them all, would he?

But. Heare me: tho he may liue to be an Oxe, he had not now so much of the Goat in him, but onely hopes for one of the three, when indeed I ha but two; and knowing you to be men of more Vertue, and dearer in my respect, intend them to be yours.

Wen. We shall honour thee.

Bart. But how, Butler?

But. I am now going to their place of residence, scituate in the choysest place of the Citie, at the signe of the Wolfe, iust against Gold-smiths-row, where you shall meet me; but aske not for me, onely walke too and fro: and to auoide suspition, you may spend some conference with the shop-keepers wiues; they haue seates built a purpose for such familiar entertainment; where from a Bay window which is opposite, I will make you knowne to your desired beauties, commend the good parts you haue.

Went. Bith'masse, mine are very few.

But. And win a kind of desire (as Women are soone won,) to

make you be beloued; where you shall first kisse, then woe, at length wed, and at last bed, my noble hearts.

Both. O *Butler?*

But. Wenches, *bona robes*, blessed Beauties, without colour or counterfait. Away, put on your best cloathes, get you to the Barbers, curle vp your haire, walke with the best strouts you can: you shall see more at the window, and I ha vowd to make you.

Bart. Wilt thou?

But. Both fooles: and Ile want of my wit, but Ile doo't

Bart. We will liue together as fellowes.

Went. As Brothers.

But. As arrant Knaues: if I keepe you company.
O, the most wretched season of this time;
These men, like Fish, doe swimme within one streame;
Yet they'd eate one another, making no conscience
To drinke with them they'd poyson; no offence,
Betwixt their thoughts and actions, haue controule,
But headlong run, like an vnbiast Bowle:
Yet I will throw them on, but like to him
At play, knowes how to loose, and when to win.

Enter Thomas and Iohn Scarborrow.

Tho. Butler.

But. O, are you come, and fit as I appointed? so, tis well,
You know your knes; and haue instructions how to beare your selues: All, all is fit, play but your part; your states from hence are firme. *Exit.*

Iob. What shall I tearme this creature? not a man,

Betwixt this, Butler leades Itford in.

Hee's not of mortals temper, but hee's one,
Made all of goodnesse, tho of flesh and bone:
O Brother, Brother, but for that honest man,
As neere to misery had bin our breath,
As where the thundring pellet strikes, is death.

Tho. I, my shift of shirts, and change of cloathes, know't.

Iob. Weele tell of him like Bels, whose musicke rings
On Coronation day, for ioy of Kings,
That hath preseru'd their steeples, not like towles.
That summons liuing teares, for the dead soules.

Enter

Enter Butler, and Ilford aboue.

But. Gods precious, see the hell Sir, euen as you had new kist, and were about to court her, if her Vncles be not come.

Ilf. A plague on the spite on't.

But. But tis no matter sir, stay you here in this vpper chamber, and Ile stay beneath with her, tis ten to one you shall heare them talke now of the greatnesse of her possessions, the care they haue to see her well bestowed, the admirablenesse of her vertues; all which for all their comming, shall be but happinesse ordained for you, and by my meanes be your inheritance.

Ilf. Then thou't shift them away, and keepe me from the sight of them.

But. Haue I not promist to make you?

Ilf. Thou hast.

But. Goe to then, rest here with patience, and be confident in my trust; onely in my absence, you may praise God for the blessednes you haue to come, and say your praiers if you wil, Ile but prepare her heart for entertainment of your loue: dismisse them for your free accesse, and returne straight.

Ilf. Honest-blest-naturall-friend, thou dealest with mee like a brother, *Butler:* sure heauen hath reserued this man to weare gray haires to doe mee good: now will I listen, listen close, to sucke in her Vncles words with a reioycing eare.

Tho. As wee were saying, Brother,
Where shall we finde a Husband for my Neece?

Ilf. Mary, shee shall find one heere, tho you little know't,
Thanks honest *Butler.*

Ioh. Shee is left rich in money, Plate, and Iewels.

Ilf. Comfort, comfort to my soule.

Tho. Hath all her Manner houses richly furnished.

Ilf. Good, good; Ile find imployment for them.

But. within. Speake loud enough, that he may heare you.

Ioh. I take her state to be about a thousand pound a yeere:

Ilf. And that which my father hath left me, will make it about fifteene hundred: Admirable.

Ioh. In debt to no man? then must our naturall care be,
As she is wealthy, to see her married well.

Ilf. And that shee shall bee, as well as the Priest can;

Hee shall not leaue out a word on't.

Tho. I thinke she has.

Ilf. What, a Gods name?

Tho. About foure thousand pound in her great Chest.

Ilf. And Ile find a vent for't, I hope.

Ioh. Shee is vertuous, and she is faire.

Ilf. And shee were foule, being rich, I would be glad of her.

But. Pisht, pisht.

Ioh. Come, weele goe visit her; but with this care,
That to no spend-thrift we doe marry her.

Ilf. You may chance be deceiued (old graybeards) here's he wil spend some of it, thanks, thanks, honest *Butler*. Now doe I see the happinesse of my future estate, I walk me as to morrow, being the day after my marriage, with my fourteene men in Liuery cloakes after me, and step to the wall in some chiefe street of the citie, tho I ha no occasion to vse it, that the Shop-keepers may take notice how many followers stand bare to mee; and yet in this latter age, the keeping of men being not in request, I will turne my aforesaid fourteene into two Pages, & two Coaches: I wil get my selfe into grace at Court, run head-long into debt, and then looke scuruily vpon the Citie, I will walke you into the Presence in the afternoone, hauing put on a richer sute then I wore in the morning, and call Boy, or Sirra: I will ha the grace of some great Lady, though I pay for't; and at the next Triumphs run at Tilt, that when I run my course, though I breake not my Lance, she may whisper to her selfe, looking vpon my Iewell, Well run my Knight: I will now keepe great Horses, scorning to haue a queane to keepe mee; indeed I will practise all the gallantry in vse; for by a Wife comes my happinesse. *Enter Butler.*

But. Now Sir, you ha heard her Vncles; and how doe ye like them?

Ilf. O *Butler*, they ha made good thy words, and I am rauisht with them.

But. And hauing seene, and kist the Gentlewoman, how doe you like her?

Ilf. O *Butler*, beyond discourse, shee's a Paragon for a Prince, then a fit implement for a Gentleman, beyond my Element.

But. Well then, since you like her, and by my meanes, she shall

like

like you: Nothing rests now, but to haue you married.

Ilf. True *Butler*, but withall to haue her portion.

But. Tut, that's sure yours when you are married once, for tis hers by inheritance: but doe you loue her?

Ilf. O, with my soule.

But. Ha you sworne as much?

Ilf. To thee, to her, and ha cald heauen to witnes.

But. How shall I know that?

Ilf. Butler, here I protest, make vowes irreuocable.

But. Vpon your knees?

Ilf. Vpon my knees, with my heart and soule I loue her.

But. Will liue with her. *Ilf.* Will liue with her.

But. Marrie her, and maintaine her.

Ilf. Marry her, and maintaine her.

But. For her, forsake all other women?

Ilf. Nay, for her, forsweare all other women.

But. In all degrees of loue?

Ilf. In all degrees of Loue; either to court, kisse, giue priuate fauours, or vse priuate meanes; Ile doe nothing that maried men being close whore-masters do, so I may haue her.

But. And yet you hauing been an open Whore-master, I will not beleeue you, till I heare you sweare as much in the way of contract, to her selfe, and call mee to be a witnesse.

Ilf. By Heauen, by Earth, by Hell, by all that man can sweare, I will, so I may haue her.

But. Enough.

Thus at first sight, rash men to women sweare,
When such oaths broke, heauen grieues, and sheds a teare:
But shee's come, ply her, ply her. *Enter Scarborows sister.*

Ilf. Kind mistris, as I protested, so againe I vow; ifaith I loue (you.

Sist. And I am not Sir, so vncharitable,
To hate the man that loues mee.

Ilf. Loue mee then,
The which loues you, as Angels loue good men;
Who wisheth them to liue with them for euer,
In that high blisse, whom Hell can not disseuer.

But. Ile steale away, and leaue them, as wise men doe,
Whom they would match, let them haue leaue to woe. *Exit.*

Ilf. Mi-

Ilf. Mistris, I know your worth is beyond my desert; yet by my praising of your vertues, I would not haue you, as women vse to doe, become proud.

Sist. None of my affections are prides children, nor a kin to thé.

Ilf. Can you loue me then?

Sist. I can, for I loue all the world; but am in loue with none.

Ilf. Yet bee in loue with me, let your affections
Combine with mine, and let our soules,
Like Turtles, haue a mutuall simpathy,
Who loue so well, that they together die:
Such is my life, who couets to expire,
If it should loose your loue.

Sist. May I beleeue you?

Ilf. Introth you may:
Your life's my life, your death my dying day.

Sist. Sir, the commendations I haue receiued from *Butler*, of your Birth and Worth, together with the Iudgement of mine owne eye, bids me beleeue, and loue you.

Ilf. O seale it with a kisse:
Blest houre, my life had neuer ioy till this.

Enter Wentloe, and Bartley beneath.

Bart. Here about is the house, sure.

Went. We cannot mistake it, for here's the signe of the Wolfe and the Bay-window. *Enter Butler aboue.*

But. What so close? Tis well, I haue shifted away your Vncles Mistris: But see the spite, Sir *Francis*, if you same couple of smel-smockes, *Wentloe* and *Bartley*, ha not sented after vs.

Ilf. A pox on 'em, what shall we doe then, *Butler?*

But. What, but be maried straight man?

Ilf. I but how, *Butler?*

But. Tut, I neuer faile at a dead lift;
For to perfect your blisse, I haue prouided you a Priest.

Ilf. Where? Prethee Butler, where?

But. Where? but beneath in her chamber: I ha fild his hands with Coyne, and hee shall tie you fast with words, he shall close your hands in one, and then do clap your selfe into her sheets, and spare not.

Ilf. O sweet. *Exit Ilford with Sister.*

But.

But. Downe, downe, 'tis the onely way for you to get vp.
Thus in this taske, for others good I toyle,
And she kind Gentlewoman, weds her selfe,
Hauing been scarcely wood, and ere her thoughts
Haue learn'd to loue him, that being her Husband,
She may releeue her brothers in their wants;
Shee marries him to helpe her neerest kinne,
I make the match, and hope it is no sinne.

Went. Sfut, it is scuruy walking for vs so neere the two Counters: would he would come once.

Bart. Masse hee's yonder: Now *Butler.*

But. O gallants, are you here, I ha done wonders for you, commended you to the Gentlewomen, who hauing taken note of your good legs, and good faces, haue a liking to you, meet me beneath.

Both. Happy *Butler.* *Exit Wentloe and Bartley.*

But. They are yours, and you are theirs, meet me beneath I say.
By this they are wedded, I, and perhaps haue bedded.
Now followes whether (knowing shee is poore)
Heele sweare he lou'd her, as he swore before. *Exit. But.*

ACTVS. V.

Enter Ilford, with Scarborowes sister.

Ilf. Ha Sirrha, who would ha thought it; I perceiue now a woman may be a Mayd, be married, and loose her Mayden-head, and all in halfe an houre: and how dost like me now, Wench?

Sist. As doth befit your seruant, and your wife,
That owe you loue and dutie all my life.

Ilf. And there shall be no loue lost, nor seruice neither, Ile doe thee seruice at boord, and thou shalt doe me seruice at bed: Now must I as yong married men vse to do, kisse my portion out of my yong wife. Thou art my sweet Rogue, my Lambe, my Pigsny, my play-fellow, my pretty pretty any thing; come a busse prethee, so tis my kind heart, and wats thou what now?

Sist. Not till you tell me, Sir.

Ilf. I ha got thee with child in my conscience, and like a kinde Husband, me thinks I breed it for thee. For I am already sicke at

my stomacke, and long extremely. Now must thou be my helpefull Physician, and prouide for me.

Sist. Euen to my blood,
What's mine, is yours, to gaine your peace or good.

Ilf. What a kind soule is this? could a man haue found a greater cõtent in a wife, if he should ha sought thorow the world for her: Prethee heart, as I said, I long, & in good troth I do, and me thinks thy first child wil be borne without a nose, if I loose my longing, tis but for a trifle too, yet me thinks it wil do me no good, vnlesse thou effect it for me. I could take thy Keyes my selfe, goe into thy closet, and reade ouer the Deeds and Euidences of thy Land, and in reading ouer them, reioyce I had such blest fortune to haue so faire a wife, with so much endowment; and then open thy Chests, and suruey thy Plate, Iewels, treasure: But a pox ont, all will do me no good, vnlesse thou effect it for me.

Sist. Sir I will shew you all the wealth I haue,
Of Coyne, of Iewels, and Possessions.

Ilf. Good gentle heart, Ile giue thee another busse for that; for that, giue thee a new gowne to morrow morning, by this hand; doe thou but dreame what stuffe, and what fashion thou wilt haue it on, to night.

Sist. The land I can endow you with, is my Loue:
The riches I possesse for you is Loue:
A Treasure greater then is Land or Gold;
It cannot be forfeit, and it shall nere be sold.

Ilf. Loue, I know that, and Ile answere thee Loue for Loue in abundance: but come, pray thee come, lets see these Deedes and Euidences; this Money, Plate, and Iewels: wilt ha thy Child borne without a nose? If thou beest so careless, spare not: why my little frappet you, I heard thy Vncles talke of thy Riches, that thou hast hundreds a yeere, seuerall Lordships, Manner Houses, Thousands of Pounds in your great Chestes; Iewels, Plate, and Rings, in your little Boxe.

Sist. And for that Riches, you did marry me?

Ilf. Troth I did, as now adayes Batchelers doe, sweare I lou'd thee; but indeed maried thee for thy wealth.

Sist. Sir, I beseech you, say not your oathes were such,
So like false Coyne, being put vnto the touch;

Who

Who beare a flouriſh in the outward ſhow
Of a true ſtampe, but indeed are not ſo:
You ſwore to me, I gaue the like to you:
Then as a Ship being wedded to the Sea,
Does either ſaile, or ſinke, euen ſo muſt I:
You being the Hauen, to which my Hopes muſt flie.

Ilf. True Chucke, I am thy Hauen, and Harbor too,
And like a Ship I tooke thee, who brings home Treaſure,
As thou to mee, the Merchant-Venturer.

Siſt. What Riches I am ballaſt with, are yours.

Ilf. That's kindly ſaid, now.

Siſt. If but with Sand, as I am but with Earth,
Being your right of right, you muſt receiue me:
I ha no other lading, but my Loue;
Which in abundance I will render you:
If other fraight you doe expect my ſtore,
Ile pay you Teares; my Riches are no more.

Ilf. How's this? how's this? I hope you do but ieſt.

Siſt. I am ſiſter to decayed *Scarborow*.

Ilf. Ha?

Siſt. Whoſe ſubſtance your inticements did conſume.

Ilf. Worſe then an Ague.

Siſt. Which as you did beleeue, ſo they ſuppoſed,
Twas fitter for your ſelfe, then for another,
To keepe the Siſter, had vndone the Brother.

Ilf. I am guld by this hand: An old Connicatcher, and beguild: Where the pox now are my two Coaches, choiſe of Houſes, ſeuerall Sutes; a plague on them, and I know not what? Doe you heare Puppet, doe you thinke you ſhall not be damned for this, to cozen a Gentleman of his hopes, and compell your ſelfe into Matrimony with a man whether he will or no with you: I ha made a faire match yfaith; will any man buy my commoditie out of my hand? As God ſaue me, he ſhall haue her for halfe the money ſhe coſt mee.

Enter Wentloe, and Bartley.

Went. O, ha we met you, Sir.

Bart. What, turn'd Micher, ſteale a wife, and not make your old friends acquainted with it?

Ilf. A pox on her: I would you had her.

Wen. Wel, God giue you ioy: we can heare of your good fortune now tis done, tho we could not be acquainted with it aforehand.

Bart. As that you haue two thousand pounds a yeere.

Went. Two or three Manner houses.

Bart. A Wife, faire, rich, and vertuous.

Ilf. Prettie ifaith, very prettie.

Went. Store of Gold.

Bart. Plate in abundance.

Ilf. Better, better, better.

Went. And so many Oxen, that their hornes are able to store all the Cuckolds in your Countrey.

Ilf. Doe not make me mad, good Gent. doe not make me mad: I could be made a Cuckold with more patience, then indure this.

Went. Foh, we shall haue you turne proud now,
Grow respectlesse of your ancient acquaintance: (you.
Why *Butler* told vs of it, who was the maker of the match for

Ilf. A pox of his furtherance. Gentlemen, as you are Christians vexe me no more: that I am married, I confesse; a plague of the Fates, that Wedding and Hanging comes by Destiny: but for the riches she has brought, beare witnesse how Ile reward her.

Sist. Sir. *Kickes her.*

Ilf. Whore; I, and Iade, Witch, Illfac't, Stinking-breath, Crooked-nose, worse then the Deuill; and a plague on thee that euer I saw thee.

Bart. A Comedy, a Comedy.

Went. What's the meaning of all this? Is this the maske after thy marriage?

Ilf. O Gentlemen, I am vndone, I am vndone, for I am maried; I that could not abide a woman, but to make her a whore; hated all shee-creatures, faire and poore; swore I would neuer marry, but to one that was rich, and to be thus cunnicatcht. Who do you thinke this is Gentlemen?

Went. Why your wife, who should it bee else?

Ilf. That's my misfortune; that marrying her in hope she was rich, she prooues to be the beggerly Sister to the more beggerly *Scarborow.*

Bart. How?

Went. Ha, ha, ha.

Ilf. I,

Ilf. I, you may laugh, but she shall cry as well as I, for't.

Bart. Nay, doe not weepe.

Went. Hee dus but counterfaite now, to delude vs: hee has all her portion of Land, Coyne, Plate, Iewels; and now dissembles thus, lest we should borrow some money of him.

Ilf. And you be kind Gentlemen, lend me some; for hauing paid the Priest, I ha not so much left in the world, as will hire me a Horse to carry me away from her.

Bart. But art thou thus guld, infaith?

Ilf. Are you sure you ha eyes in your head?

Went. Why then, by her brothers setting on, in my conscience, who knowing thee now to ha somewhat to take to, by the death of thy Father; and that he hath spent her portion, and his owne possessions, hath laid this plot, for thee to marry her; and so he to be rid of her himselfe.

Ilf. Nay, that's without question; but Ile be reuenged of'em both. For you minxe: nay Sfoot, giue'em me, or Ile kicke else.

Sist. Good, sweete.

Ilf. Sweete with a poxe, you stinke in my nose: giue me your Iewels: Nay, Bracelets too.

Sist. O me, most miserable.

Ilf. Out of my sight; I, and out of my doores: for now, what's within this house is mine: and for your brother,
He made this match, in hope to doe you good:
And I weare this, for which, shall draw his blood.

Went. A braue resolution. *Exit with Went. and Bartley.*

Bart. In which weele second thee.

Ilf. Away, Whore; Out of my doores Whore.

Sist. O griefe, that pouertie should ha that power to teare Men from themselues, tho they wed, bed, and sweare.

Enter Thomas and John Scarborrow, with Butler.

Tho. How now Sister?

Sist. Vndone, vndone.

But. Why Mistris, How ist? how ist?

Sist. My Husband has forsooke me.

But. O periurie.

Sist. Has tane my Iewels, and my Bracelets from me.

Th. Vengeance, I plaid the thiefe for the mony that bought'em.

Sist. Left me distrest, and thrust me forth of doores.
Tho. Damnation on him, I will heare no more;
But for his wrong reuenge me on my brother,
Degenerate, and was the cause of all,
He spent our portion, and Ile see his fall.
Ioh. O, but good brother.
Tho. Perswade me not,
All hopes are shipwract, miserie comes on,
The comfort we did looke from him, is fructrate,
All meanes, all maintenance (but griefe) is gone:
And all shall end by his destruction. *Exit.*
Ioh. Ile follow and preuent, what in this heat may happen:
His want makes sharpe his Sword; too great's the ill,
If that one brother should another kill. *Exit.*
But. And what will you doe, Mistris
Sest. Ile sit me downe, sigh loud instead of words,
And wound my selfe with griefe as they with swords:
And for the sustenance that I should eate,
Ile feed on griefe; tis woes best relisht meate.
But. Good heart, I pittie you,
You shall not be so cruell to your selfe,
I haue the poore Seruing-mans allowance,
Twelue-pence a day to buy me sustenance,
One meale a day Ile eate, the tother fast,
To giue your wants reliefe: And Mistris,
Be this some comfort to your miseries,
Ile ha thinne cheekes, ere you shall ha wet eyes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scarborrow.

What is a Prodigall? Faith like a Brush,
That weares himselfe, to florish others cloathes,
And hauing worne his heart euen to the stumpe,
Hees throwne away like a deformed lumpe:
Oh such am I, I ha spent all the wealth
My ancestors did purchase, made others braue
In shape and riches, and my selfe a knaue.
For tho my wealth raisd some to paint their doore,
Tis shut against me, saying, I am but poore:
Nay, euen the greatest arme, whose hand hath grac't

My

My presence to the eye of Maiesty, shrinkes backe,
His fingers clutch, and like to lead.
They are heauy to raise vp my state, being dead:
By whice I finde, Spend-thrifts, and such am I,
Like Strumpets flourish, but are foule within,
And they like Snakes, know when to cast their skin.

Enter Thomas Scarborrow.

Tho. Turne, drawe, and die; I come to kill thee.

Scar. Whats he that speakes like sickneſſe? Oh ist you?
Sleepe still, you cannot mooue me: fare you well.

Tho. Thinke not my fury slakes so, or my blood
Can coole it selfe, to temper by refusall:
Turne, or thou diest.

Scar. Away.

Tho. I doe not wish to kill thee like a slaue,
That taps men in their cups, and broch their hearts,
Ere with a warning peece they haue wakt their eares:
I would not like to powder, shoote thee downe
To a flat graue, ere thou hast thought to frowne:
I am no Coward, but in manly tearmes,
And faireſt oppositions vow to kill thee.

Scar. From whence proceedes this heat.

Tho. From sparkles bred by thee, that like a villaine.

Scar. Ha.

Tho. Ile hallow it in thine eares till thy soule quake to heare it,
That like a villaine hast vndone thy Brothers.

Scar. Would thou wert not so neere me: Yet farewell.

Tho. By nature, and her lawes make vs a kinne,
As neere as are, these hands, or sinne to sinne.
Draw, and defend thy selfe, or Ile forget
Thou art a man.

Scar. Would thou wert not my Brother.

Tho. I disclaime them.

Scar. Are we not off-spring of one parent, wretch?

Tho. I doe forget it, pardon me the dead,
I should deny the paines you bid for me.
My blood growes hot for vengeance, thou hast spent
My liues reuenewes, that our parents purchast.

Scar.

Scar. O doe not wracke me with remembrance ont.

Tho. Thou hast made my life a begger in this world,
And I will make thee bankrout of thy breath:
Thou hast bin so bad, the best that I can giue,
Thou art a Deuill, not with men to liue.

Scar. Then take a Deuils payment.

Here they make a passe one vpon another, when at Scarborrows backe comes in Ilford, Wentloe, and Bartley,

Ilf. Hees here, draw Gentlemen.

Went. Bar. Die Scarborrow.

Scar. Girt round with death.

Tho. How, set vpon by three? Sfut feare not brother: you Cowards, three to one; Slaues, worse then Fensers that weare long weapons: You shall bee fought withall, you shall bee fought withall.

Heere the Brothers ioyne, driue the rest out, and returne.

Scar. Brother I thanke you, for you now haue bin
A patron of my life, forget the sinne
I pray you, which my loose and wastfull howers,
Hath made against your Fortunes; I repent'em,
And wish I could new ioynt and strength your hopes,
Tho with indifferent ruine of mine owne;
I haue a many sinnes, the thought of which
Like finisht Needles, pricke me to the soule,
But find your wrongs, to haue the sharpest point.
If Penitence your losses might repaire,
You should be rich in wealth, and I in care.

Tho. I doe beleeue you sir; but I must tell you,
Euils the which are gainst another done,
Repentance makes no satisfaction
To him that feeles the smart. Our Father, sir,
Left in your trust, my Portion; you ha spent it,
And suffered me (whilst you in ryots house,
A drunken Tauerne, spild my maintenance
Perhaps vpon the ground, with ouer-flowne Cups;)
Like Birds in hardest Winter halfe starud, to flie
And picke vp any food, least I should die.

Scar.

Scar. I prethee, let vs be at peace together.
Tho. At peace, for what; for spending my Inheritance?
By yonder Sunne, that euery soule hath life by,
As sure as thou hast life, Ile fight with thee.
Scar. Ile not be moou'd vnto't.
Tho. Ile kill thee then, wert thou now claspt
Within thy mother, wife, or childrens armes.
Scar. Wouldst homicide? art so degenerate?
Then let my blood grow hot.
Tho. For it shall coole.
Scar. To kill rather then be kild, is manhoods rule.

Enter Iohn Scarborrow.

Ioh. Stay, let not your wraths meete.
Tho. Hart, what makst thou heere?
Ioh. Say, who are you? or you? Are you not one,
That scarce can make a fit distinction
Betwixt each other? Are you not Brothers
Tho. I renounce him.
Scar. Shalt not need.
Tho. Giue way.
Scar. Haue at thee.
Ioh. Who stirres, which of you both, hath strength within his arme,
To wound his owne brest; who's so desperate,
To dam himselfe, by killing of himselfe:
Are you not both one flesh?
Tho, Hart, giue me way.
Scar. Be not a barre betwixt vs, or by my sword
Ile meate thy graue out.
Ioh. O doe, for Gods sake doe?
Tis happy death, if I may die, and you
Not murther one another: O doe but harken,
When dus the Sunne and Moone, borne in one frame
Contend, but they breed Earth-quakes in mens hearts?
When any Starre prodigiously appeares,
Tels it not fals of Kings, or fatall yeares?
And then, if Brothers fight, what may men thinke,
Sinne growes so high, tis time the world should sinke?

Scar. My heart growes coole againe; I wish it not.
Tho. Stop not my furie, or by my life I sweare,
I will reueale the robbery we ha done,
And take reuenge on thee,
That hinders me to take reuenge on him.
Ioh. I yeeld to that; but nere consent to this:
I shall then die, as mine owne sinne affords,
Fall by the Law, not by my Brothers swords.
Tho. Then by that light that guides me, heere I vow,
Ile straight to sir Iohn Harcop, and make knowne
We were the two that robd him.
Ioh. Prethee doe.
Tho. Sinne has his shame, and thou shalt ha thy due. *Exit.*
Ioh. Thus haue I shewne the nature of a Brother,
Tho you haue prou'd vnnaturall to me.
Hees gone in heate to publish out the theft,
Which want, and your vnkindnes, forst vs to:
If now I die that death, and publicke shame,
Is a Corsiue to your soule, blot to your name. *Exit.*
Scar. O tis too true, thers not a thought I thinke
But must partake thy griefe, and drinke
A relish of thy sorrow and misfortune.
With waight of others teares I am ore-borne;
That scarce am *Atlas* to hold vp mine owne,
And all too good for me; A happy Creature
In my Cradle, and haue made my selfe
The common curse of mankind, by my life:
Vndone my Brothers, made them theeues for bread;
And begot pretty Children, to liue beggers.
O Conscience, how thou art stung to thinke vpon't.
My Brothers vnto shame, must yeeld their blood:
My Babes at other Stirrops begge their food;
Or else turne Theeues too, and be choakt for't,
Die a Dogs death, be pearcht vpon a Tree;
Hangd betwixt heauen and earth, as fit for neither:
The curse of heauen, that's due to reprobates,
Descends vp on my Brothers, and my Children,
And I am Parent to it; I, I am Parent to it.

Enter Butler.

But. Where are you, Sir?

Scar. Why stareſt thou, what's thy haſte?

But. Heere's fellowes ſwarme like Flies to ſpeake with you..

Scar. What are they?

But. Snakes, I thinke Sir, for they come with ſtings in their mouthes; and their tongues are turnd to teeth too: They claw villanouſly; they haue eate vp your honeſt name, and honourable Reputation by railing againſt you: and now they come to deuoure your poſſeſſions.

Scar. In plainer Euargy, what are they, ſpeake?

But. Mantichoras, monſtrous beaſtes, enemies to mankinde, that ha double rowes of teeth in their mouthes; they are Vſurers, they come yawning for Mony; & the Sheriffe with them, is come to ſerue an extent vpon your Land, and then ceaſe on your body by force of Execution: they ha begirt the houſe round.

Scar. So that the roofe our Auncestors did build
For their Sonnes comfort, and their Wiues for Charitie,
I dare not to looke out at.

But. Beſides Sir, heere's your poore Children.

Scar. Poore Children they are indeed.

But. Come with Fire and Water: Teares in their eyes, and burning griefe in their hearts, and deſire to ſpeake with you.

Scar. Heape ſorrow vpon ſorrow:
Tell me, are my Brothers gone to execution.
For what I did? for euery haynous ſinne,
Sits on his ſoule, by whom it did beginne:
And ſo did theirs by me. Tell me withall,
My Children carry moyſture in their eyes,
Whoſe ſpeaking drops, ſay, Father, thus muſt we
Aske our reliefe, or die with infamie;
For you ha made vs beggers. Yet when thy tale has kild me,
To giue my paſſage comfort from this ſtage,
Say all was done, by Inforſt Marriage:
My Graue will then be welcome.

But. What ſhall we doe, Sir?

Scar. Doe as the Diuell dus, hate Panther-mankind:
And yet I lie; for Diuels ſinners loue,

When men hate men, tho good, like some aboue.

Enter Scarborrowes wife Katharine, with two Children.

But. Your wife's come in Sir.

Scar. Thou lyest, I haue not a wife: None can be cald
True Man and Wife, but those whom Heauen instald. Say?

Kath. O my deare Husband?

Scar. You are very welcome: peace, weele ha complement.
Who, are you Gentlewoman?

Scar. Sir, your distressed wife; and these your Children.

Scar. Mine? Where? how begot?
Prooue me by certaine instance that's diuine,
That I should call them lawfull, or thee mine?

Kath. Were we not married, Sir?

Scar. No; tho we heard the words of Ceremony:
But had hands knit as Fellons that weare fetters
Forst vpon them. For tell me woman,
Did ere my Loue with sighs intreate thee thine?
Did euer I in willing conference,
Speake words made halfe with teares, that I did loue thee?
Or, was I euer but glad to see thee, as all Louers are?
No, no; thou knowst I was not.

Kath. O me!

But. The more's the pittie.

Scar. But when I came to Church, I did there stand
All water, whose forst breath had drownd my Land;
Are you my wife, or these my children?
Why, tis impossible: for like the skies,
Without the Sunnes light, so looke all your eyes;
Darke, Clowdy, thicke, and full of heauinesse,
Within my Country, there was hope to see
Me and my issues to be like our fathers,
Vpholders of our Country, all our life,
Which should ha bin, If I had wed a wife:
Where now,
As dropping leaues in Autumne you looke all,
And I that should vphold you, like to fall.

Kath. Twas, nor shall be my fault, Heauen beare me witnesse.

Scar. Thou lyest; strumpet thou lyest:

But. O Sir.

Scar. Peace sawcie Iacke, strumpet I say, thou lyest,
For Wife of mine thou art not, and these thy Bastards
Whom I begot of thee, with this vnrest,
That Bastards borne, are borne not to be blest.

Kat. On me powre all your wrath, but not on them.

Scar. On thee, and them, for 'tis the end of lust,
To scourge it selfe, heauen lingring to be iust:
Harlot.

Kat. Husband.

Scar. Bastards.

Child. Father.

But. What heart not pities this?

Sca. Euen in your cradle, you were accurst of heauen,
Thou an Adultresse in thy married armes:
And they that made the match, Bawds to thy lust:
I, now you hang the head; shouldst ha done so before,
Then these had not been Bastards, thou a Whore.

But. I can brook't no longer: Sir, you doe not well in this.

Scar. Ha slaue.

But. Tis not the ayme of Gentrie to bring forth,
Such harsh vnrelished fruit vnto their wiues,
And to their pretty, pretty children by my troth.

Scar. How rascall?

But. Sir, I must tell you, your Progenitors,
Two of the which these yeeres were seruant to,
Had not such mists before their vnderstanding,
Thus to behaue themselues.

Scar. And youle controule me, Sir?

But. I, I will.

Scar. You Rogue.

But. I, tis I, will tell you tis vngently done,
Thus to defame your wife, abuse your children:
Wrong them, you wrong your selfe; are they not yours?

Scar. Pretty, pretty impudence, in faith.

But. Her whom you are bound to loue, to raile against;
These whom you are bound to keepe, to spurne like dogs?
And you were not my Master, I would tell you.

Scar. What slaue?

But. Put vp your Bird-spit: tut, I feare it not;
In doing deeds so base, so vile as these,
Tis but a kna, kna, kna.

Scar. Rogue.

But. Tut, howsoeuer, tis a dishonest part,
And in defence of these, I throw off dutie.

Kat. Good *Butler.*

But. Peace honest Mistris, I will say y'are wronged,
Prooue it vpon him, euen in his Blood, his Bones,
His Guts, his Maw, his Throat, his Intrailes.

Scar. You runnagate of threescore.

But. Tis better then a knaue of three and twentie.

Scar. Patience bee my Buckler,
As not to file my hands in villains blood:
You Knaue, Slaue, Trencher-groome,
Who is your Master?

But. You, if you were a Master.

Scar. Off with your coat, then get you forth adores.

But. My Coat, sir?

Scar. I, your Coat, slaue.

But. Sfoot, when you ha't, tis but a thred-bare Coat;
And there tis for you: know that I scorne
To weare his Liuery is so worthy borne,
And liue so base a life, old as I am,
Ile rather bee a Begger, then your Man:
And there's your seruice for you. *Exit.*

Scar. Away, out of my doore: away.
So, now your Champion's gone.
Minx, thou hadst better ha gone quicke vnto thy graue.

Kat. O me! that am no cause of it.

Scar. Then haue suborn'd that slaue to lift his hand against me.

Kat. O mee! what shall become of me?

Scar. Ile teach you trickes for this: ha you a Companion?

Enter Butler.

But. My heart not suffers mee to leaue my honest Mistris, and her pretty Children.

Scar. Ile marke thee for a Strumpet, and thy Bastards.

But.

But. What will you doe to them, sir?
Scar. The deuill in thy shape? come backe againe?
But. No, but an honest Seruant, sir, will take this Coat,
And weare it with this Sword, to safegard these,
And pitie them: and I am woe for you too;
But will not suffer
The Husband Viper-like to prey on them
That loue him, and haue cherisht him, as these
And they, haue you.
Scar. Slaue.
But. I will out-humour you,
Fight with you, and lose my life or these
Shall taste no wrong, whom you are bound to loue.
Scar. Out of my doores, slaue.
But. I will not, but will stay and weare this Coat,
And doe you seruice whether you will or no:
Ile weare this Sword too, and be Champion,
To fight for her, in spight of any man.
Scar. You shall: you shall be my Master, sir?
But. No, I desire it not,
Ile pay you duetie euen vpon my knee:
But lose my life, ere these oppresst Ile see.
Scar. Yes, goodman slaue, you shall be Master,
Lie with my wife, and get more bastards? Do, do, do.
Kat. O mee!
Scar. Turnes the World vpside downe,
That Men orebeare their Masters? It does, it does:
For euen as *Iudas* sold his Master *Christ*,
Men buy and sell their wiues at highest price:
What will you giue me? what will you giue me?
What will you giue me? *Exit.*
But. O Mistris, my soule weepes, tho mine eyes be drie,
To see his fall, and your aduersitie:
Some meanes I haue left, which Ile relieue you with:
Into your Chamber, and if Comfort be a kinne
To such great griefe, comfort your Children.
Kath. I thanke thee, *Butler*; Heauen when he please,
Send death vnto the troubled, a blest ease. *Exit with children.*
But. In-

But. Introth I know not if it be good or ill,
That with this endlesse toyle I labour thus:
Tis but the old times ancient Conscience,
That would doe no man hurt, that makes me doo't:
If it bee sinne that I doe pitie these,
If it bee sinne I haue relieu'd his Brothers,
Haue plaid the thiefe with them, to get their food,
And made a luckless marriage for his Sister,
Intended for her good, heauen pardon me?
But if so, I am sure they are greater sinners,
That made this match, and were vnhappy men;
For they caus'd all: and may heauen pardon them?

Enter Sir *William Scarborow.*

Sir *Will.* Who's within heere?
But. Sir *William*, kindly welcome.
Sir *Will.* Where is my kinsman *Scarborow?*
But. Sooth, hee's within sir, but not very well.
Sir *Will.* His sickness?
But. The hell of sickness: troubled in his minde.
Sir *Will.* I gesse the cause of it;
But cannot now intend to visite him.
Great businesse for my Soueraigne hastes me hence:
Onely this Letter from his Lord and Guardian to him,
Whose inside (I doe gesse) tends to his good,
At my returne Ile see him: so farewell. *Exit.*
But. Whose inside (I doe gesse) turnes to his good.
Hee shall not see it now then; for mens minds
Perplext like his, are like Land-troubling-windes,
Who haue no gracious temper.

Enter Iohn Scarborow.

Iohn. O *Butler.*
But. What's the fright now?
Ioh. Helpe straight, or on the Tree of shame,
Wee both shall perish for the robbery.
But. What, ist reueal'd, man?
Ioh. Not yet good *Butler*, onely my brother *Thomas*
In spleene to mee, that would not suffer him

To kill our elder Brother had vndone vs,
Is riding now to Sir *Iohn Harcop* straight, to disclose it.
But. Heart, who would robbe with sucklings?
Where did you leaue him?
Iohn. Now, taking Horse to ride to Yorkshire.
But. Ile stay his iourney, lest I meet a hanging. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scarborow.

Scar. Ile parley with the Deuill: I, I will,
He giues his counsell freely; and the cause
He for his Clients pleads, goes alwayes with them;
He in my cause shall deale then: and Ile aske him,
Whether a Cormorant may haue stuft Chests,
And see his Brother starue? why, heele say, I,
The lesse they giue, the more I gaine thereby.

Enter Butler.

Their soules, their soules, their soules.
How now Master? Nay, you are my Master:
Is my wiues sheets warme? Does she kisse well?
But. Good Sir.
Scar. Foh, mak't not strange, for in these dayes,
There's many men lie in their Masters sheets;
And so may you in mine, and yet. Your businesse, sir?
But. There's one in ciuill habit, sir, would speake with you.
Scar. In ciuill habite?
But He is of seemely ranke, sir, and cals himselfe
By the name of Doctor *Baxter* of Oxford.
Scar. That man vndid me; he did blossomes blow,
Whose fruit proued poyson, tho 'twas good in show:
With him Ile parley, and disrobe my thoughts
Of this wild phrensey, that becomes me not.
A Table, Candles, Stooles, and all things fit,
I know he comes to chide me, and Ile heare him,
With our sad conference we will call vp teares,
Teach Doctors rules, instruct succeeding yeeres:
Vsher him in:
Heauen spare a drop from thence, where's bounties throng,
Giue patience to my soule, inflame my tongue.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Good Master *Scarborow.*

Scar. You are most kindly welcome, sooth ye are.

Doct. I haue important businesse to deliuer you.

Scar. And I haue leasure to attend your hearing.

Doct. Sir, you know I married you.

Scar. I know you did, sir.

Doct. At which you promised both to God and men,
Your life vnto your Spouse, should be like snow,
That falles to comfort, and not to ouerthrow:
And loue vnto your issue should be like
The deaw of heauen, that hurts not, tho it strike,
When heauen and men did witnesse and record,
Twas an eternall oath, no idle word:
Heauen being pleasd therewith, blest you with children,
And at heauens blessings, all good men reioyce.
So that Gods Chaire and Footstoole, heauen and earth,
Made offering at your Nuptials, as a knot,
To mind you of your vow; O breake it not.

Scar. Tis very true.

Doct. Now sir, from this your Oath and Band,
Faiths pledge, and seale of conscience you ha run,
Broken all contracts, and the forfeiture,
Iustice hath now in sute against your soule,
Angels are made the Iurors, who are witnesses
Vnto the oath you tooke, and God himselfe,
Maker of Marriage, he that sealed the deed,
As a firme Lease vnto you, during life,
Sits now as Iudge of your transgression,
The world informes against you with this voyce,
If such sinnes raigne, what Mortals can reioyce.

Scar. What then ensues to mee?

Doct. A heauy doome, whose executions
Now seru'd vpon your Conscience, that euer
You shall feele plagues, whom time shall not disseuer;
As in a Map your eyes see all your life,
Bad words, worse deeds, false oaths, and all the iniuries,
You ha done vnto your soule; then comes your Wife,

Full

Full of woes drops, and yet as full of pitie:
Who tho she speaks not, yet her eyes are swords,
That cut your heart-strings: and then your children;
Scar. Oh, oho, oh.
Doct. Who, what they cannot say, talke in their lookes;
You haue made vs vp but as mis-fortunes Bookes,
Whom other men may reade in, when presently,
Taskt by your selfe, you are not like a thiefe,
Astonied being accus'd; but scorcht with griefe.
Scar. I, I, I.
Doct. Heere stands your wiues teares.
Scar. Where?
Doct. And you fry for them: heere lie your childrens wants.
Scar. Heere?
Doct. For which you pine, in conscience burne,
And wish you had been better, or nere borne.
Scar. Does all this happen to a wretch like me?
Doct. Both this, and worse: your soule eternally
Shall liue in torment, tho the body die.
Scar. I shall ha need of drinke then, *Butler.*
Doct. Nay, all your sinnes are on your children laid,
For the offences that the Father made.
Scar. Are they, sir?
Doct. Be sure they are.
Scar. Butler. *Enter Butler.*
But. Sir?
Scar. Goe, fetch my wife and children hither.
But. I will, Sir.
Scar. Ile read a Letter to the Doctor too, hee's a Diuine;
I, hee's a Diuine.
But. I see his mind is troubled, & haue made bold with dutie to read a letter tending to his good, haue made his brothers friends: Both which I will conceale till better temper.
He sends me for his wife and children; shall I fetch them?
Scar. Hee's a Diuine; and this Diuine did marry me:
That's good, that's good.
Doct. Master *Scarborow.*
Scar. Ile bee with you straight, Sir.

But. I will obey him,
If any thing doth happen that is ill,
Heauen beare me record, tis against *Butlers* will. *Exit.*
Scar. And this Diuine did marry me,
Whose tongue should be the Key to open trueth,
As Gods Embassador: Deliuer, deliuer, deliuer.
Doctor. Master *Scarborow.*
Scar. Ile be with you straight, sir:
Saluation to afflicted Consciences,
And not giue torment to contented minds,
Who should be Lampes to comfort out our way;
And not like Fire-drakes, to leade men astray:
I, Ile be with you straight, sir. *Enter Butler.*
But. Heere's your Wife and Children, sir.
Scar. Giue way then;
I ha my Lesson perfect: leaue vs heere.
But. Yes, I will goe; but I will be so neere,
To hinder the mishap, the which I feare.
Doct. Now sir, you know this Gentlewoman?
Scar. Kind Mistris Scarborrow.
Scar. Nay, pray you keepe your seate; for you shall heare.
The same affliction you ha taught me, feare,
Due to your selfe.
Doct. To me, sir?
Scar. To you, sir:
You matcht me to this Gentlewoman.
Doct. I know I did, sir.
Scar. And you will say she is my wife, then.
Doct. I ha reason, sir; because I married you.
Scar. O, that such tongues should ha the time to lie
Who teach men how to liue, and how to die:
Did not you know my Soule had giuen my Faith
In contract to another; and yet you
Would ioyne this Loome vnto vnlawfull Twistes.
Doct. Sir.
Sca. But Sir; you that can see a mote within my eye,
And with a Cassocke, blind your owne defects,
Ile teach you this, tis better to doe ill,

Thats neuer knowne to vs, then of selfe will:
And these, all these, in thy seducing eye,
As scorning life, make'em be glad to die.

Doct. Maister Scarborrow.

Scar. Here will I write, that they which marry wiues
Vnlawfull, liue with strumpets all their liues.
Heere will I seale the children that are borne
From wombes vnconsecrate, euen when their soule
Has her infusion, it registers they are foule,
And shrinkes to dwell with them, and in my close,
Ile shew the world, that such abortiue men,
Knit hands, without free tongues, looke red like them:
Stand you, and you, to acts most Tragicall,
Heauen has drie eyes, when sinne makes sinners fall.

Doct. Helpe Maister Scarborrow.

Child. Father.

Kath. Husband.

Scar. These for thy act should die, she for my *Clare*,
Whose wounds stare thus vpon me for reuenge.
These to be rid from misery, this from sinne,
And thou thy selfe shalt haue a push amongst 'em,
That made heauens word a pack-horse to thy tongue.
Coarest Scripture to make euill shine like good,
And as I send you thus with wormes to dwell,
Angels applaud it, as a deed done well. *Enter Butler.*

But. Stay him, stay him.
What will you doe, Sir?

Scar. Make fat wormes of stinking carkasses,
What hast thou to doe with it?

Enter Ilford and his wife, the two Brothers, and Sir William Scarborrow.

But. Looke who are here, Sir.

Scar. Iniurious villen, that preuentst me still.

But. They are your brothers and allyance, Sir.

Scar. They are like full ordinance then, who o nce discharged,
A farre off giue warning to my soule,
That I haue done them wrong.

Sir William Kinsman.

Brother and Sister. Brother.
Kath. Husband.
Child. Father.

Scar. Harke how their words like Bullets shoo me thorow,
And tell, I haue vndon'em ; this side might say,
We are in want, and you are the cause of it.
This points at me, y're shame vnto your house.
This tongue sayes nothing, but her lookes doe tell,
Shees married but as those that liue in hell :
Whereby all eyes are but misfortunes pipe,
Fild full of woe by me : this feeles the stripe.
But. Yet looke Sir,
Heere's your Brothers hand in hand, whom I ha knit so.
Wife. And looke Sir, heeres my husbands hand in mine,
And I reioyce in him, and he in me.
Sir Wil. I say, Cose, what's past, is the way to blisse,
For they know best to mende, that know amisse.
Kath. We kneele ; forget, and say, if you but loue vs,
You gaue vs griefe, for future happinesse.
Scar. What's all this to my Conscience?
But. Ease, promise of succeeding ioy to you.
Read but this Letter.
Sir Wil. Which tels you, that your Lord and Guardian's dead.
But. Which tels you that he knew he did you wrong,
Was grieued fort, and for satisfaction,
Hath giuen you double of the wealth you had.
Bro. Increast our Portions.
Wife. Giuen me a Dowry too.
But. And that he knew,
Your sinne was his, the punishment his due.
Scar. All this is heere :
Is heauen so gracious to sinners then?
But. Heauen is, and has his gracious eyes,
To giue men life, not like intrapping Spies.
Scar. Your hand, yours, yours ; to you my soule, to you a kisse;
In troth I am sorry I ha strayd amisse :
To whom shall I be thankefull? All silent?
None speake? whist: why then to God,

That

That giues men Comfort, as he giues his Rod:
Your Portions Ile see paid, and I will loue you;
You three Ile liue withall: my soule shall loue you:
You are an honest Seruant, sooth you are;
To whom; I, these, and all must pay amends;
But you, I will admonish in coole tearmes,
Let not promotions hope, be as a sting,
To tie your tongue, or let it loose to sting,

Doct. From hence, it shall not, Sir.

Scar. Then husbands thus shall norish with their wiues. *Kisse.*

Ilf. As thou and I will, Wench.

Scar. Brothers in brotherly loue, thus linke together. *Imbrace.*
Children and Seruants pay their duty, thus: *Bow and kneele.*
And all are pleas'd?

All. We are.

Scar. Then if all these be so,
I am new wed, so ends old marriage woe:
And in your eyes, so louingly being wed,
We hope your hands will bring vs to our Bed.

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